TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The week ending the Lenten season has not been marked by any important events. Locally the recommendation of the executive committee to repeal the by-law which made Mr. McWilliams City Solicitor has caused some comments, nearly all of which endorse their action. Though Mr. McWilliams is a first-class municipal lawyer he has made the mistake of thinking himself superior to his masters, and has not only disregarded their instructions and advice, but has wilfully persisted in his objection to the appointment of an assistant unless he could make the nomination. He has now receded from that position, and possibly it may not be too late for him to preserve his official head. If not, the public will congratulate itself on having at last taught him the lesson he has so long needed to learn.

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Not only Toronto but all the friends of higher education will rejoice that the Baptist Convention has by a large majority selected Toronto as the location for the arts department of McMaster university. There has been a great deal of log-rolling and discussion over this matter, but public opinion has again demonstrated itself worthy of confidence and the result has been good.

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The lock-out in the building trades in Hamilton is an unfortunate affair. So many employers and those who desire to have buildings erected seem to forget that the growing wants of the workingmen cannot be supplied unless they receive increased wages, that a belligerent disposition has been aroused among the mechanics, and instead of a good-natured attempt to settle what are really grievances, employers seem prone to stand on their dignity and resent even the fair demands of those who work for them. It is to be hoped that the troubles which retarded the building operations in Toronto last year will not be repeated this season. A disposition to act fairly and leave matters in dispute to arbitration is all that is necessary to preserve the peace and increase the industrial prosperity of the city.

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The coal-dealers in Toronto have made a mistake in threatening the *Evening News* with criminal prosecution because that paper saw fit to criticize—and, I think, within the limits of its privilege—the coal section of the Toronto Board of Trade. If the "combine" attempts to bulldoze the press it can result only in such a public clamor and determined resistance on the part of the citizens that those who are trying to carry matters with such a high hand will suffer loss and discomfiture.

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No good can result from such sermons as those recently delivered here by Rev. Justin D. Fulton of Brooklyn. Dr. Fulton is excessively anxious for the overthrow of the Papacy. Would it not be as well if he endeavored to uproot the noisome weeds which are springing up within Protestantism? There is no doubt but there are objectionable features in the Roman Catholic church, but when anyone attacks convents, as Rev. Dr. Fulton does, and conveys innuendoes with regard to the morality of their inmates, which are far from both truth and decency, he is surely doing great harm. I have often thought that Protestantism lacked some such homes as are provided for zealous and pious women by the convents of Catholics. While evils and even scandals may have arisen in such places we must remember that no human organization will ever be free from imperfections, and clergymen of Dr. Fulton's own denomination have, before now, been proven guilty of scandalous conduct. The idea of a convent is based on the deep-seated conviction that religion should be the first lesson taught to the child, and that a life of piety and self denial should be made possible for women who wish to separate themselves from the world. The beauty in the lives, the modest and exalted content in the faces of many nuns I have met, convince me that Dr. Fulton has listened to malicious rumors rather than investigated the facts connected with the religious institutions of the church to which he is so bitterly opposed. He said that at the confessional questions are asked Catholic women and girls which if they came from the mouth of a Protestant minister would drive him out of town. Immediately afterwards he spoke of the cities of Ireland where Protestantism prevails which were more prosperous than the Romanist communities of the south. But is it not true—proverbially true—that the Roman Catholic women of Ireland are shown by statistics to be the most virtuous of any on the face of the earth? They may lack refinement, and their cities may not be as energetic in business or the men as thrifty as those of other countries, but the innuendo conveyed by Dr. Fulton's blow at the confessional is answered by the record of those who he says are insulted by questions regarding their lives. It is a mistake for one denomination to so vehemently attack another, for while we may have beams in our own eyes, we should not be so ready to observe even the palpable errors of others whose motives are probably as honorable as our own. And finally, that Catholic mothers and fathers who love their daughters and prize their purity, and knowing all about the confessional and more about the convent than Dr. Fulton can learn, continue to send their children to the confessional and the convent convinces me that Dr. Fulton is wrong. For a stranger to come here and sow discord, though he personally may be free from the consequence of his mistakes or malice, is a serious departure from the teachings of Him who preached charity and went about doing good.

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I am continually in receipt of letters and manuscripts from young women mostly, young men sometimes, accompanied by letters beseeching me to accept short stories, poetry, essays, household homilies and all sorts of stuff. Some letters are funny, the writers often stating the price of their manuscript, as if there were no danger of its rejection or any idea that I was not possessed of millions of dollars to invest in amateur productions, or unable to act as advance agent for budding genius. There is nothing unusual in this phase of newspaper work, but there is a sadness about the task of ignoring the letters or refusing to act as proxy for these aspirants to literary honors and emoluments.

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I have in my mind a letter I received from a young woman, evidently well educated and with some natural taste for letters, who besought me as I loved my mother and sisters to assist her in gaining a livelihood with her pen. She wrote me that the manuscript accompanying the letter had been written nights after the hard labor of the day was over, and that for a month she had toiled over the story and hoped and prayed it would be a success and bring the dawn of better things to her and her mother and the fatherless family she sought to support. It almost made me cry to read the letter, and I determined that if there was a ghost of a chance to sell her manuscript I would do it for her. Then I read the story. The hero's name was Percival Something, and the heroine had a polysyllabic title supposed to be aristocratic. The plot was as old as the eternal hills, and the dialogue stilted and prosy, and through the whole fifty pages of foolscap there was nothing to produce either a smile or a tear. If the story had been printed, people would have thrown it down in disgust or yawned the top of their head off before they got half through. I could hardly believe the woman who had written the letter had written that parcel of rubbish. I sat down to tell her so, but as I thought of the poor girl going every day to the little post-office, and watching eagerly for the letter, or through the toil of the day dreamily looking for the sails of the ship which was to bring her fortune, I hadn't the heart to criticise. I knew that every day she was telling mother what they would do with the money she got for her story and how she was promising herself and her little brothers and sisters some rare treat when her sketch was published. When she looked at their patched dresses and ragged shoes she was smiling to herself as she thought all this would be changed when "Don" found her a publisher who would give her a lot of money for her story. As she worked, and perhaps sang with a merry heart, thinking of the joyous and prosperous future, she would watch through the window for the old stage to lumber past bringing the letter from me. Yes, and likely enough she was mapping out a future for little Tom and George and Jennie; how they were to go to school and acquire a profession, and in the happy summers between the great novels she was going to write, they would travel and have such great experience abroad, when people would whisper to their neighbors, "That is Miss Blank, the great novelist." I have known myself the suspense, the half-suppressed fear, the eager hoping and waiting for the result of a youthful venture, and I could sympathize with her and knew how bitter the truth would be to her undisciplined mind if I told it as I should. So I wrote to her as gently as I knew how, saying that if her story had been half as well written and as full of human interest as her letter, it could not have failed to succeed; but she had tried to write a story like those she had read, and had produced nothing but a colorless and uninteresting recital of imaginary events in a life which she has never seen. I told her to try again, but to invest her story with the hopes and fears, trials and ambitions of her own life, to picture people she knew, and to describe only those whose motives and actions she could thoroughly understand. This was a couple of months ago, and I have had no answer. I suppose she thinks I am a heartless old wretch who does not care if she is starving, while every now and then I can see the poor girl's face as she read my letter and I can picture the tears spilt over the ruins of her air castle. The only consolation I have is the thought that the tired old mother, as she soothes her wounded child, will frequently remark, "He is a mean old thing, and don't know anything, anyhow."

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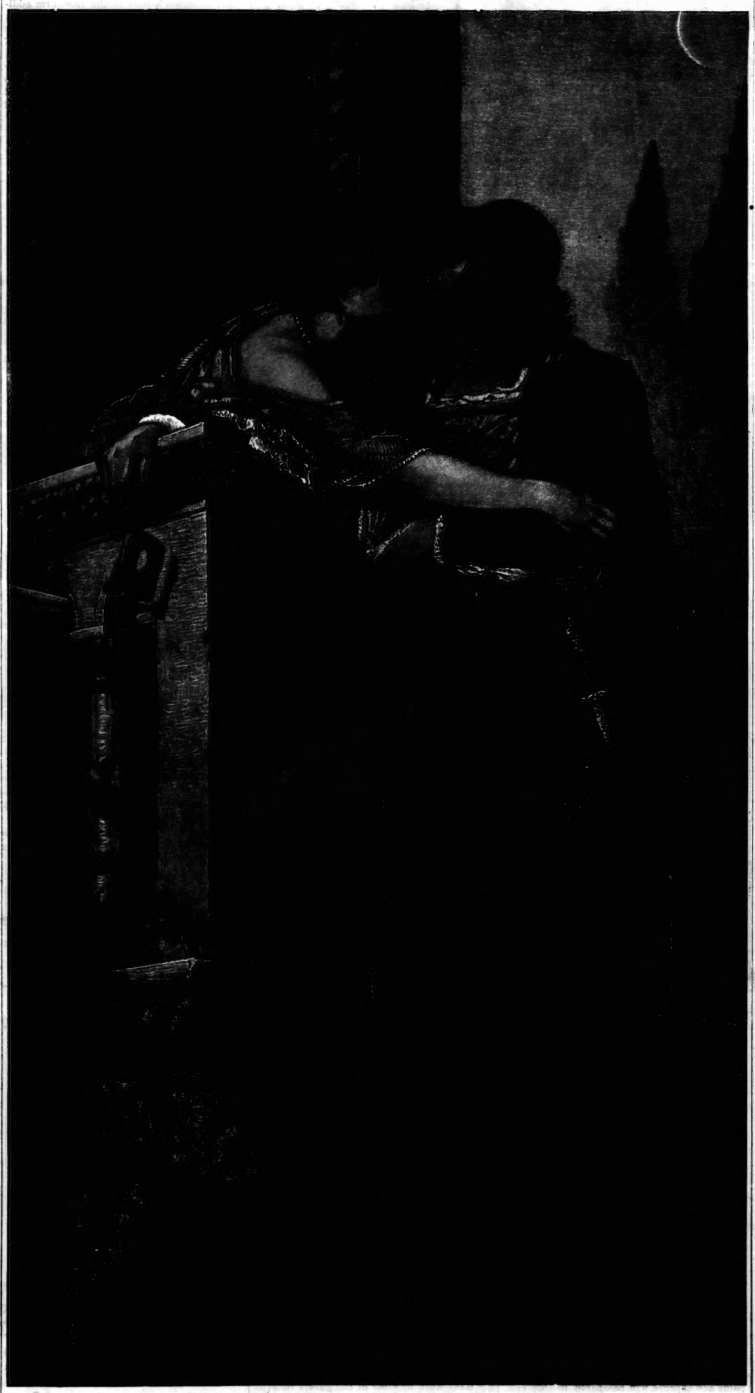
A great deal has been said in the papers about Vanderbilt's $10,000 cook. What the world wants are ten-cent cooks. There are few millionaires who can afford to tickle their palates with ten-thousand dollar cookery, and the cases are rare where a man or woman can take ten cents' worth of material and concoct a really appetising dish. Yet good cooking is not a question of expensive meats or costly condiments. There is not one woman in fifty who knows how to cook a potato, while there is perhaps one in five hundred who knows how to cook potatoes in twenty different ways. On the poor man's table this is always the *piece de resistance*, and even on the rich man's board it has much to do with the pleasures of the dinner. There is an old saying that no one will learn to cook potatoes because every one knows how, that is to say, it is such a simple process that no one will take the trouble to find out how to do it right. The same way with meats. The average cook wants the choicest meat, and enough of it to feed a gang of threshers, before she thinks it worth while to take a little pains with it. It is really marvelous the amount of bad cooking the human family will stand. Take it in farmhouses for instance where every housekeeper is supposed to know how to cook. The potatoes half the time are watery and the meat cooked in great hunks and served in the same uncouth and unappetizing way, that probably characterizes the *friscasee a la missionary* of the South Sea Islanders. Sodden bread and doughy biscuits daily shout the glories of dyspepsia on the tables of women who can make fourteen different kinds of cake and twenty varieties of pie. In families and boarding houses, restaurants and hotels, even the art of flavoring with pepper and salt seems to have been lost, and there is more stuff wasted through bad cooking than would feed that section of the town which goes supperless to bed. If the fair ladies who torture the piano and horrify the canvas and manufacture tidies and labor over embroidery were to turn their attention to the art of cooking potatoes and meat, the millions of dyspeptic and pie-foundered men would rise up and shout the praises of the fair sex to the star-spangled heavens.

DOR.



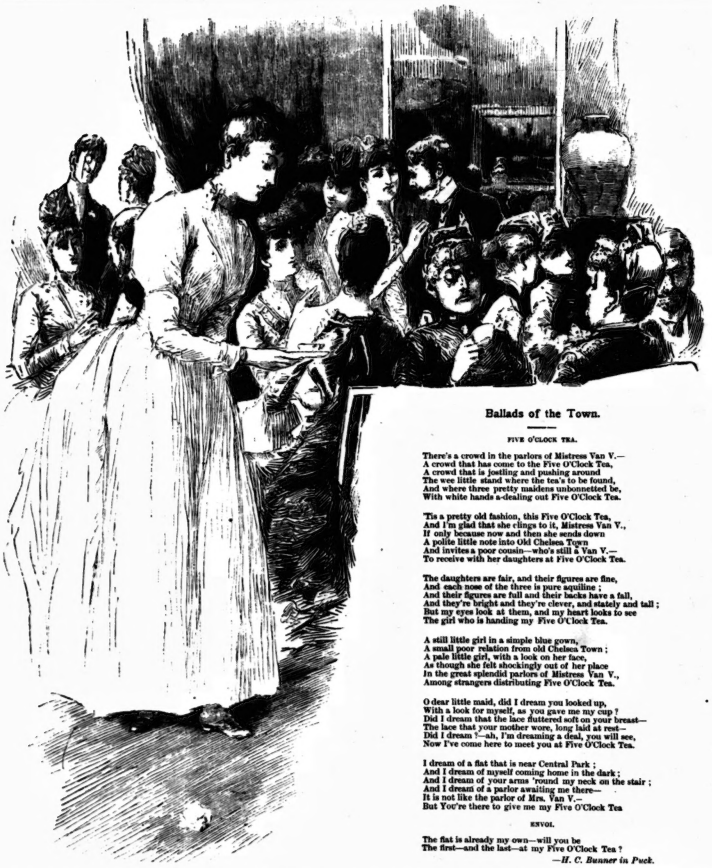
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo and Juliet—Scene V.

Juliet—"Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale and not the lark
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree—
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale."

Romeo—"It was the lark, the herald of the morn—
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east!
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die."

A Pittsburgh artist is painting Mrs. Cleveland's portrait in water-colors. This is another victory for the Prohibitionists.



Ballads of the Town.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

There's a crowd in the parlors of Mistress Van V.—
A crowd that has come to the Five O'Clock Tea,
A crowd that is jostling and pushing around
The wee little stand where the tea's to be found,
And where three pretty maidens unbonnetted be,
With white hands a-dealing out Five O'Clock Tea.

'Tis a pretty old fashion, this Five O'Clock Tea,
And I'm glad that she clings to it, Mistress Van V.,
If only because now and then she sends down
A polite little note into Old Chelsea Town
And invites a poor cousin—who's still a Van V.—
To receive with her daughters at Five O'Clock Tea.

The daughters are fair, and their figures are fine,
And each nose of the three is pure aquiline;
And their figures are full and their backs have a fall,
And they're bright and they're clever, and stately and tall;
But my eyes look at them, and my heart looks to see
The girl who is handing my Five O'Clock Tea.

A still little girl in a simple blue gown,
A small poor relation from old Chelsea Town;
A pale little girl, with a look on her face,
As though she felt shocking out of her place
In the great splendid parlors of Mistress Van V.,
Among strangers distributing Five O'Clock Tea.

O dear little maid, did I dream you looked up,
With a look for myself, as you gave me my cup?
Did I dream that the lace fluttered soft on your breast—
The lace that your mother wore, long laid at rest—
Did I dream?—ah, I'm dreaming a deal, you will see,
Now I've come here to meet you at Five O'Clock Tea.

I dream of a flat that is near Central Park;
And I dream of myself coming home in the dark;
And I dream of your arms 'round my neck on the stair;
And I dream of a parlor awaiting me there—
It is not like the parlor of Mrs. Van V.—
But You're there to give me my Five O'Clock Tea

ENVOI.

The flat is already my own—will you be
The first—and the last—at my Five O'Clock Tea?

—*H. C. Bunner in Puck.*

Society.

The marriage of Mr. Wolferston Thomas of London to Miss Annie Vankoughnet, daughter of Mrs. Matthew Vankoughnet of Toronto, has been arranged to take place at St. George's church in June.

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Mr. and Mrs. Scarth spent last Sunday in Port Hope to be present at the confirmation of their son, attending Trinity college school there.

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Mrs. T. C. Patteson, who has been on a visit to Ottawa during the session, returned to Eastwood last week.

•

Mr. G. D. Boswell, late of Toronto, was in town last week, and left on Saturday with Mrs. Boswell for their home in River du Loup again.

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Miss Ethel McCarthy and Miss Otter, who have been paying a short visit to Mrs. Pepler of Barrie (Miss McCarthy's aunt), have returned to Toronto.

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Miss Constance Cumberland has come back from Woodstock, where she has been visiting Mrs. Sheton Fuller.

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I have been asked to say a few words in behalf of a most worthy object, an entertainment at the Bishop Strachan school, College avenue, on Tuesday afternoon next, commencing at one o'clock, in aid of the funds of the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine. Miss Marjorie Campbell has promised to be present, and Mrs. Douglas Armour will have charge of the flower table. The object of the entertainment merits a large attendance, and I trust the managers will have reason to know that their self-denying efforts in behalf of suffering humanity are appreciated.

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The past week, as everybody knows, has been Passion week. It is of course natural that there should be but little gaiety to chronicle. In truth the week has been very strictly observed by Toronto society. Up to last Saturday, since Lent has begun, there have been plenty of dinner-parties and afternoon teas and At Homes innumerable, but with the last seven days even these forms of amusement have ceased, and the phrase, "there has been nothing going on," has been almost literally true. A good play, or better still, a popular opera would have evidenced that there was nothing to prevent the upper circles from patronizing the theater; it is even whispered that in their extremity, fashionable people have been seen at a class of drama which, on an ordinary occasion, would certainly not draw them.

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But "the darkest hour is the one before the dawn." To-morrow is Easter Sunday, and the forty days' fast is over. It is the anxious hope and confident opinion of many a ball-room belle and gay cavalier, that such a brilliant winter season as Toronto has this year seen will not yet be altogether allowed to die out. It will be some weeks yet before picnics are organised, and before tennis-racquets and parasols, canoes and excursion steamers emerge from their winter quarters. Not for two months or more will many a happily-laden train bear away our fairest and best to northern lake and inlet or eastern seaboard. Let people who have thought and talked of giving dances in April proceed to act, and anything which they do will be welcomed by a grateful society.

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The ball of a post-Lenten season has indeed been already set rolling, and many people have been gladdened by the receipt of a double invitation from Mrs. John Cawthra. This lady gives a large afternoon At Home next week and a dance on Tuesday, April 10. Let us hope that many a hostess will be found to follow so excellent an example.

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Many people availed themselves of Mrs. Townsend's invitation, and on Friday of last week made their way to this lady's charming house on College avenue, where not a few of them had the pleasure of meeting Lady Young, who is at present staying with Mrs. Townsend, and in whose honor the affair was given. Although the number of guests was large, they were all of the right sort, the result being that in a winter where delightful teas have abounded, Mrs. Townsend's was one of the best. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Miss Cawthra, Miss Mabel Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Robinson, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, the Misses Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines, Messrs. Harry Gamble, Fox, Tilley, Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Baukes, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Captain Sears, Miss Merritt, Miss Kate Merritt, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Small, Mr. Small, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Colonel and Mrs. Otter.

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On Saturday of last week the popular adjutant of "C" company gave a tea party at his quarters at the New Fort. The time when Captain Sears must leave Toronto and his many friends and return to his regiment in England is drawing near, and what might almost have been a farewell to his friends was largely taken advantage of by them.

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Several theater parties took place in the week of Minnie Palmer's engagement. One of the largest was given by Mr. Harry Gamble, on Monday, the day of Mrs. Yarker's At Home. I don't know how many orchestra chairs were occupied by his guests, but it cannot have been far short of two whole rows, while at least two of the boxes were adorned by some of his party.

•

The art fair is already beginning to take a large part in the conversation of the circle. A series of *tableaux vivants*, representing scenes in the time of Henry VI, in which will figure many of the most popular of our first families, should prove a great card. It is most important that the historical accuracy of the tableaux should be insured, and I hear that neither pains and expense will be spared to this end. One has seen tableaux of olden days, which although very good indeed, have yet been ruined by one or two such ridiculous anachronisms as patent leather shoes, or a stand-up linen shirt collar. More than once in these columns I have made the suggestion that a minuet, or some such old-fashioned dance, if performed on the stage by people endowed with the proper grace and dressed in the costumes of the end of the last century, would be a certain success. Now I hear that such a dance is projected for the Art Fair. Mrs. Harcourt Vernon is promoting the scheme, so that it is in the best of hands and promises to be a great draw.

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Mr. Arthur Hodgins, after a long absence at his engineering work near Sherbrooke, Quebec, has been spending a few days' holiday in town. Would that his stay might be longer. His tall form and healthy, swarthy face is always a pleasant sight.

•

Mr. Phillips, of the York and Lancaster regiment, now stationed at Halifax, has been spending a fortnight of his leave with his uncle and aunt, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, on St. George street.

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Miss Lilly Fleming, daughter of Mr. Sanford Fleming, the famous civil engineer, was paying a short visit to Miss Robinson at Sleepy Hollow when she was summoned home by the sad news of the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Sanford Fleming, at Ottawa, who has since died.

Club and Personal.

Mr. Arthur Hodgins returned to town last week.

Mr. Gus Whitney has been at Los Angelos, Cal., for some time past for the benefit of his health.

Dr. A. J. Johnson of Bloor street west, has been seriously ill for some time past with blood poisoning. Dr. Strange, who is attending him, says his recovery will be tedious.

A very pleasant meeting of the Soltoris club was held on Thursday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Charles Brown, 42 Isabella street. Corlett's orchestra was never in better condition, and some of the sweetest music from Dorothy was played. Besides the members of the club were noticed Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Miss Morphy, Mr. Morphy, Miss E. Kenneay, Mr. Webb, Messrs. E. W. and F. Cox, Mr. J. King, Mr. Black, Miss Jacobi, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Matthews, Miss Scales, Mr. Capon, Mrs. Logan, Mr. A. Brown, Mr. S. Cameron and Mr. R. Brown.

A new departure has been made by Mr. Alex. Fraser, the popular secretary of the Gaelic society in giving an At Home in the Science hall, on Saturday evening last to some seventy or eighty of his friends. Young men socially inclined and not possessed of a house of their own might follow Mr. Fraser's example. Mrs. Campbell assisted the host in receiving his guests, and a very pleasant evening was spent in song and dance. Piper Munro furnished the music for the Scotch dances. The rooms were beautifully hung with tartans and the garb of old Gaul worn by some of the guests relieved the sombre hue of the conventional costume. I noticed among the guests Mrs. and the Misses Ramsay, Miss Reid, Mrs. and the Misses McDougall, Miss Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs Hamilton, Mr. and Miss McFayden, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. and the Misses Smith, Mr. Chas. Morrison, B.L., Mr. A. B. McCallum, M.A., Mr. D. M. Robinson, B.A., Mr. R. J. McLennan, B.A., Mr. J. A. Currie, Mr. F. S. Dickie, Mr. Hugh J. Sinclair, Mr. J. C. McMillan, Mr. John Fraser.

A Busy Scene.

During the past week the store at the corner of Yonge and Albert streets has been one of the busiest places in Toronto. From seven o'clock in the morning until about midnight every day this week an army of carpenters, painters, gasfitters, tinsmiths, carpet layers, etc., have been working, hammer and tongs, remodelling and refitting the store which has heretofore been occupied by J. Pittman & Co. as a mantle and mourning goods warehouse, in which line of business this firm has justly earned the reputation of being the leading house in Canada.

Mr. Pittman has withdrawn from the firm and his place has been filled by Mr. H. S. Morrison, who for the past eighteen years has been with W. A. Murray & Co., in charge of their dress department.

The new firm announce their intention of continuing the specialties of dress and mantle making, and are adding a large and well selected stock of colored dress goods and trimmings, ladies' gloves, hosiery and underwear.

Mr. Morrison brings to the new firm additional capital and an experience which will not only enable them to retain the business already established, but will doubtless very largely increase it.

They announce a grand spring opening for Wednesday next, April 4th, which will no doubt attract the ladies of the city to call and inspect their extensive stock of novelties and newly fitted premises.

Grandpa on Geniuses.

Now, folks may talk agin the tribe,
An' say they're all a mighty shiftless
An' low down wet—an' I'll allow
That they are sorter kinder thrift'less;
But tho' he ain't got so much sense
As some, ain't got much go or grit or
Git-up-an' git, a genius is
A mighty interestin' critter.

We had one on 'em down our way
A spell ago. He was a poet—
Least-ways folks said so—though I swow
I never seen a thing to show it!
He was a simple sorter stick;
An' though he made the gals all titter,
Somehow I kinder liked the fool,
An' studied up the cur'us critter.

He liked it on the farm, an' tuk
A powerful interest in the flocks an'
Herds, an' used ter, so Sal says,
Write lays to hens and odes to oxen
(Though what he owed them I can't see);
She read 'em when she swept the litter,
An' though I liked him, Sal she said
He really wasn't a Christian critter.

He warn't so smart as some, perhaps;
The boys all thought him chicken-hearted
Because he was so gentle like,
But once they got his dander started—
The time they skinned the cat alive;
He walked right in, wal, I should twitter!
An' just missed skinnin' them alive.
This queer and contradictious critter.

He never did a stroke o' work,
Oh, but he was mighty lazy!
He just 'ud set an' write an' spile
Paper enough to drive you crazy;
We'd hear him talkin' to himself,
An' see his great big eyeballs glitter.
But nothin' ever come of it—
A genius is a harmless critter.

What's that you say? He's writ a book?
An' sold it, too? Wal, now, I never!
An' goin' to make his fortune, sure?
Wal, durn it, now? But did you ever?
If Sal'd had sense they might a hitched,
But then somehow he never hit her;
An' who in thunder'd ever think
A genius such a likely critter!

OPENING.

New Millinery and Dressmaking

ESTABLISHMENT

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Five o'clock Tea Sets,
Five o'clock Teapots and Ke tles,
Biscuit Jars and Cheese Covers,
Honey, Marmalade and Butter Pots
Fancy Jugs, Teapots and Teapot Stands,
Fish, Game and Oyster Sets,
Cut Glass Table Sets, fine assortment,
Table Ornaments, fine variety,
Breakfast, Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Joseph Rodgers & Sons' Cutlery,
Silverplated Knives, Forks and Spoons.
Tea Trays, Crumb Trays and Dish Mats,
Fairy Lights, a large assortment,
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The Royal Silver Wedding.

The custom of celebrating certain anniversaries of the wedding day and calling them wooden, tin, silver, gold, etc., according to the number of years of married life they represent, is so common among us as to require no explanation. It is said to have originated in Germany—a people from whom we have adopted many of our popular usages. Royalty itself does not disdain to follow in the track of custom in this case, as is shown by the recent celebration by the heir-apparent to the British throne and his amiable and popular wife of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day, that is, their silver wedding.

On March 10, 1863, the Prince of Wales was married to the Princess Alexandra of the Royal House of Denmark. The prince was then twenty-two years of age and his bride only nineteen. Their children are Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and the Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maud. The Princess retains the freshness of youth in a wonderful degree, and is exceedingly popular with the people, as is also the Prince, who by his affability and free-and-easy style has won the hearts of all classes, from the peers of the realm to Hodge, who exhibits fat cattle and pumpkins at the county fair. He and the Princess have, of late years especially, borne the burden of all the state ceremonies, which properly are the duties of the sovereign, but which his royal mother has quietly but firmly saddled upon the Prince. This, like a dutiful son, he bears patiently and cheerfully. He has traveled in nearly every part of the empire over which he will probably one day reign, and many can remember the enthusiastic welcome he received here in Canada—a welcome which would be repeated more enthusiastically, doubtless, if he should visit us again accompanied by his beautiful and charming wife. The people of Canada will certainly not be behind in offering their congratulations to the royal pair on twenty-five years of married life which compares most favorably with the domestic felicity of some of the former heirs-apparent to the regal chair.

There is too much fuss made about Richard III for having offered to give his kingdom for a horse. That's nothing in comparison with Prince Oscar, who gave up his right to the throne for a Swedish match.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THEIR FAMILY.

Interior Decorations---A Pretty Morning Room.

Following is a description of how Homebird fixed up her old-fashioned morning room:

Here she sits after breakfast making up her accounts, or at work; here, too, she and her husband often turn in when dinner is over, in preference to the drawing-room. Picture, then, an interior in this style. Light grey paper on the walls with diagonal pattern in gold, a white marble mantelpiece, not innocent of stains, and a mirror with gilded frame over; two arm-chairs, six upright chairs, and a sofa covered in morocco, the upper surface worn off, and showing a faint pink beneath, looking as if it had been well scratched by the nails of tiny two-year olds and the sharp claws of frisky kittens; a round table in the center, with a red—now faded to an almost fashionable terra-cotta tint — and green-patterned cover; a Brussels carpet, the threads of canvas visible, but holding bravely together until the last. Against the wall a cottage piano, with fluted red silk let in behind fretwork; an old oak bookcase in fine condition, being an heirloom, it has been well taken care of, and a few dents cause no depreciation in its value, rather are they signs of a century's wear. A gilt cornice with a green valance, and green rep curtains with a pair of Nottingham lace beneath.

Now, to whom to turn for help? Her husband, not being used to anything better, is well satisfied with things as they are. Old nurse pooh-poohs all new notions. "Have the chairs recovered and buy a new Brussels carpet when you can afford it; until then rest in patience," would be her dictum. Young Jane, the house maid, it is plain to see, must be her factotum. But, first, the room must be given over into the hands of decorators, so the landlord is appealed to, with the happy result that in a short time the woodwork is painted and the ceiling and walls are papered. The former is done in two shades of peacock blue, the latter covered with a paper of cream ground, bearing a greenish blue running pattern touched up with flashes of gold. The projection formed by the chimney is covered with Japanese paper, in which deep blue and gold tints predominate, and the door is panelled with the same. A casing of wood has been made for the mantelpiece; this has been covered with Lincrusta "wood effect." She has ordered some shelves to be fixed above, the edges and sides ornamented with Lincrusta bordering. These with a background of looking-glass, suffice to make up a very successful overmantel.

Whilst this work has been in progress, she has made her preparations aided by her faithfu coadjutor Jane. The floor has been stained round the sides, and a Koula carpet laid down. The round table is a bugbear; but Homebird declares that it must remain, as her husband often writes of an evening, and he likes to have plenty of room to spread his books of reference about, so a small writing table would never satisfy him. "Well! if he must have it, he shall do penance by going into the corner to it," say I, and forthwith we push it right into the recess between window and fireplace. We lay over it one of Burnett's art serges—a peacock blue, that goes admirably with the subdued red of the Koula carpet. For the center a large brass pot, in which we have lately invested, answers well, and we drop into it a hardy Aspidistra, which spreads its leaves so as to overshadow a great part of the table. Scattered about are books, photos in easel-frames, and a Chinese work-basket daintily draped with yellow Liberty silk and dull red plush. Near the fireplace stands one of the two arm-chairs that have been covered by professional hands with saddle-bags mounted in peacock blue plush. The sofa, which has been furnished with a close-fitting cover of gold-colored wool brocade by the clever amateur upholstress, looks, with its richly tinted saddle-bag cushions, luxurious enough to tempt the most rigorous anchorite to the consideration of a novel in the middle of the day. This we wheel up on the other side of the fire, setting it across the corner, and behind it we place a tall old stool, which has seen good service in the surgery of the doctor's great-grandfather. The legs we have enameled red, and we now drape it with peacock-blue plush, drawn up high on one side that it may show a few folds of rich gold and red brocade. On it we put a pot of undeniably yellow tone, bowl-shaped, with an elongated neck. It holds sprays of feathery grass, palms and pampas, which reach to within two feet of the ceiling. This makes up a very pretty bit of color. The book case fills the space between sofa and door; it only requires a good elbow greasing to make it worthy of its fresh surroundings.

Now we come to the remaining wall space. Our plans have been laid to achieve here a crowning effect of high art character. Imagine, then, a dark oak chest of large dimensions, such as those in which a north countrie woman loved to lay by an ample store of fine snowy napery ready for the marriage days of the fair, buxom young lasses who called her "mither." Only I must confess that our chest was an imitation; nevertheless, it was so good a one as to disclose the secret to none but the closest scrutinizers, and we arranged matters so cunningly that they even might well be deceived. The front sides and edge of the lid were covered with Lincrusta, a splendid imitation of old carving. The chest had been adapted to our requirements by the carpenter, the front being made to let down whilst the lid was firmly fixed. Inside he had fixed a shelf; thus a useful cupboard was formed for music, newspapers and work. The object of this alteration was that it might serve as a stand to support the tall mirror, which had been taken down from its old place over the mantelpiece. The gilded flowers and scrolls are done away with, and a Lincrusta border makes a neat frame. The carpenter sets it up against the wall, resting on the chest. We have provided ourselves with some yards of inexpensive peacock plush and some rich Eastern-looking striped crepe; this we drape about the glass, letting an end of plush hang down halfway on one side, looping it high over the center, and bringing it down in long folds to the floor on the other side. The crepe crosses from the left topmost corner, droops over the glass slightly, and is caught up with a scarf of gold Liberty silk to the right corner; from thence it falls down about two-thirds the length of the glass, where it is again looped into a knotted scarf of gold silk, and then forms waterfall folds to the floor. Dried palm leaves and pampas mingle with the drapery, held in place, as it were, by the knots of gold silk. The top of the chest is covered with a slip of peacock plush, and standing on it are large china vases and a fine old bowl, also some tall fresh palms, the pots sunk in beautiful cases of hammered iron, all of which are reflected in the glass. At one end, standing well out, with the peacock curtain as a background, a yellow pot, holding a Dracunocrops palembanicus, is set on an elegant hammered iron tripod. At the opposite side of the chest we decide on putting our pretty little table that we have enamelled peacock, and for which we have made a gold and red brocade, square-edged with dull red plush. A China bowl filled with magnificent Marechal Niel roses, gives the finishing touch to our efforts here. The piano, across the corner near the window, is very simply draped at the back with some of the Eastern crepe, and the second easy chair is wheeled up near. In front of the window is a writing table. The chairs and an occasional table are enamelled red, the former having gold wool brocade covers. The curtains are of gold brocade satin sheeting.

Everyone is delighted with the effect of the tout ensemble, and our style of decoration has called forth the most eulogistic remarks, with the addition of several appeals for help from numerous friends. Particulars as to materials and advice concerning the arrangement of furniture (on receiving a rough sketch of any room) will be given with pleasure by

DECORATOR.

"Your plot is ingenious," remarked the manager to the young play-writer, "but there is not enough of it. How do you expect this fragment to stretch over three hours?" "Oh, it will stretch all right," was the repiy. "I'll make fifteen years elapse between acts one and two."

A Brooklyn girl telephoned to her father's office, asking if her dog was there. Curley was there, and his mistress asked the man to hold him up to the telephone. She whistled and spoke and told him to come home. Curley pricked up his ears, and as soon as he was placed on the floor started for home.

SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE ON DUCHESS STREET.

Being a Narration of Certain Strange Events Alleged to Have Taken Place at York, Upper Canada, in or About the Year 1823.

BY JOHN CHARLES DENT.

VI.—THE INQUEST IN THE HOUSE.

There was an inquest. That, under the circumstances, was a matter of course, but nothing of importance was elicited beyond what has already been noted. Peter, Jim and Pikey, Pikey all attended, and gave evidence to the effect that Captain Bywater was tolerably drunk when they left him at eleven, that he was upon the whole the most sober of the party and appeared quite capable of taking care of himself. They had noticed his uncongenial mood but could form no conjecture as to the cause. It was impossible to suspect anything in the shape of foul play. The obvious conclusion to be arrived at was that the Captain's long drinking bouts had produced their legitimate result, and that at the moment when he met his death he was suffering from, or on the verge of delirium tremens. He generally carried a loaded pistol in his breast pocket. He had found the dog asleep on the mat before his bedchamber. It was probably asleep, or, at all events, it did not hasten to get out of his way, and in a moment of insane fury or drunken stupidity he had drawn forth his weapon and shot the poor brute dead. He had just then been standing near the top of the stairs. The quantity of liquor he had drunken was sufficient to justify the conclusion that he was not as steady on his pins as a sober man would have been. He had over-balanced himself, and—and that was the whole story. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict in accordance with the facts, and the Captain's body was put to bed with the sexton's spade.

A will, drawn up in due form in the office of Mr. Washburn, and properly signed and attested, had been made by the deceased a short time after taking possession of the place on Duchess street. His fortune chiefly consisted of an income of five hundred pounds sterling per annum, secured on certain lands situated in Gloucestershire, England. This income lapsed upon his death, and it had thus been unnecessary to make any testamentary provision respecting it, except as to the portion which should accrue between the last quarter day and the death of the testator. This portion was bequeathed to an elder brother residing in Gloucestershire. All the other property of the deceased was bequeathed to Mr. Washburn, in trust to dispose of such personal belongings as did not consist of ready money, and to transmit the proceeds, together with all cash in hand, to the said elder brother in Gloucestershire.

The latter provisions were duly carried into effect by Mr. Washburn within a few days after the funeral, and it might well have been supposed that the good people of York had heard the last of Captain Bywater and his affairs.

But they hadn't.

VII.—THE BLACK DOG AND HIS MASTER.

At the sale of Captain Bywater's effects a portion of the furniture belonging to the dining-room, kitchen and one bedroom was purchased by Jim Summers, who, with his wife, continued to reside in the Duchess street house pending the letting of it to a new tenant. These temporary occupants kept to the three rooms, their sleeping apartment being on the upper story at the northern side of the house, and on the opposite side of the hall. The other large room which had been the scene of so much recent dissipation. All the rest of the house was left bare, and the doors of the unoccupied rooms were kept locked. Summers, being employment as porter and assistant in Hammell's grocery store, but his wife was always on hand to show the premises to anyone who might wish to see them.

All went on quietly until nearly a month after the funeral. Meanwhile, during the time of it, as no intending tenants presented themselves, and her only visitor was her married sister, who occasionally dropped in for an hour's chat, Jim was all in a fluster, hurrying seven in the evening, and the time glided by without anything occurring to disturb the smooth current of their lives.

But this state of things was not to be of long continuance. One night when Mr. Washburn was busy over his briefs in his study at home he was disturbed by a loud knocking at his front door. As it was nearly midnight, and as everyone else in the house had retired to rest, he answered the summons in person. Upon unfastening the door he found Jim and his wife at the threshold. They were only half dressed, and their countenances were colorless as Pallids Mors. They stumbled impetuously into the hall, and were evidently laboring under some tremendous excitement. The lawyer conducted them into the sitting-room, they poured into his astonished ears a most singular tale.

Their story was to the effect that they had been disturbed for several nights previously by strange and inexplicable noises in the house occupied by them on Duchess street. They had been aroused from sleep at indeterminate hours by the sound of gilding footsteps outside the door of their bedroom. Once they had distinctly heard the sound of voices, which seemed to come from the large front room across the hall. As the door of that room was fast closed and locked they had not been able to distinguish any particular words, but they both declared that the voice was marvellously like that of Captain Bywater. They were persons of fairly steady nerves, but their situation, all things considered, was solitary and peculiar, and they had not by any means relished these unaccountable manifestations. On each occasion, however, they had controlled themselves sufficiently to institute a vigorous investigation of the premises, but had discovered nothing to throw any light upon the subject. They had found all the doors and the windows securely fastened, and there was no sign of the presence of anything or anybody to account for the gilding footsteps. They had unlocked and entered the front room, and found it bare and deserted as it had been left ever since the removal of the furniture after the sale. They had even gone the length of unlocking and entering every other room in the house, but had found no clue to the mysterious sounds which had disturbed them. They had at first argued themselves into the belief that imagination had imposed upon them, or that there was some natural but undiscovered cause for what had occurred. They were reluctant to make themselves the laughing-stock of the town by letting the idea get abroad that they were afraid of ghosts, and they determined to hold their tongues. But the manifestations had at last assumed a complexion which rendered it impossible to pursue such a course any longer, and they vehemently protested that they would not pass another night in the accursed house for any bribe that could be offered them.

They had spent the preceding evening at home, as usual, and had gone to bed a little before ten o'clock. The recent manifestations had probably left some impression upon their nerves, but they had no premonitions of further experiences of the same character, and had soon dropped asleep. They had not how long they had slept when they were suddenly and simultaneously rendered broad awake by a succession of sounds which could not possibly be explained by any reference to mere imagination. They heard the voice of their late master as distinctly as they had ever heard it during his life. As before, it emanated from the front room, but this time there was no possibility of their being deceived, as they caught not only the sound of his voice, but also certain words which they had often heard from his lips in bygone times. "Don't spare the liquor, gentlemen," roared the Captain; "there's plenty more where that came from. More sugar and lemon, you scoundrel, and be handy there with the hot water." Then was heard the jingling of glasses and loud rappings, as if made with the knuckles of the hand upon the table. Other voices were heard joining in conversation, but too indistinctly for the now thoroughly frightened listeners to catch any of the actual words. There could, however, be no mistake. Captain Bywater had certainly come back from the realms of shadow and resumed his old orgies in the old spot. The uproar lasted for at least five minutes, when the Captain gave forth one of his characteristic drunken howls, and of a sudden all was still and silent as the grave.

As might naturally have been expected, the listeners were terror-stricken. For a few moments after the cessation of the disturbance, they lay there in silent, open-mouthed wonderment and fear. Then, before they could find their voices, there was new assault by a loud noise in the hall below, followed by the muffled "bow-wow" of a dog, the sound of which seemed to come from the landing at the head of the stairway. Jim could stand the pressure of the situation no longer. He sprang from the bed, lighted a candle, and rushed out into the hall. This he did, as he afterwards admitted, not because he felt brave, but because he was too terrified to remain in bed, and seemed to be impelled by a resolve to face the worst that fate might have in store for him. Just as he passed from the door into the hall, a heavy footstep was heard slowly ascending the stairs. He paused where he stood, candle in hand. The steps came on, on, on, with measured tread. A moment more, and he caught sight of the ascending figure. Horror of horrors! It was his late master—clothes, cane and all—just as he had been in life; and at the head of the stairs stood Nero, who gave vent to another low bark of recognition. When the Captain reached the landing place he turned halfway round, and the light of the candle fell full on his face. Jim saw the whole outline with the utmost clearness, even to the expression in the eyes, which was neither gay nor sad, but simply stolid and stern—just what he had been accustomed to see there. The dog crouched back against the wall, and after a brief halt near the stair-head, Captain Bywater turned the knob of his bedroom door and passed in. The dog followed, the door was closed, and once more all was silent. Jim turned, and encountered the white face of his wife. She had been standing behind him all the while, and had seen everything just as it had been presented to his own eyes. Moreover, impelled by some inward prompting for which she could never account, she had counted the footsteps as they had ascended the stairs. They had been exactly seventeen!

The pair re-entered their room and took hurried counsel together. They had distinctly seen the Captain turn the knob and pass into his bedroom, followed by the semblance of Nero. As they well knew, the door of that room was locked, and the key was at that moment in the possession of Mrs. Summers' dress. In sheer desperation they resolved at all hazards to unlock the door and enter the room. Mrs. Summers produced the key and handed it to her husband. She carried the candle, and accompanied him to the stair-head. He turned the lock, pushed the door wide open before him, and both advanced into the room. It was empty, and the window was found firmly fastened on the inside, as it had been left weeks before.

They returned to their own bedroom, and agreed that any further stay in such a house of horrors was not to be thought of. Hastily arraying themselves in such clothing as came readily to hand, they passed down the stairway, unbolted the front door, blew out the light, and made their way into the open air. Then they relocked the door from outside and left the place. Their intended destination was the residence of Mrs. Summers' sister, and they determined to go round by Mr. Washburn's and tell him their story, as they knew that he kept late hours and would most likely not have gone to bed.

Mr. Washburn, stolid man of law though he was, could not listen to such a narrative without perceptible signs of astonishment. After thinking over the matter a few moments, he requested his visitors to pass the night under his roof, and to keep their own counsel for the present about their strange experiences. As he well knew, if the singular story got wind there would be no possibility of finding another tenant for the vacant house. The couple acceded to his first request, and promised compliance with the second. They were then shown to a spare room, and the marvels of that strange night were at an end.

Next morning at an early hour the lawyer and the ex-serving man proceeded to the Duchess street house. Everything was as it had been left the night before, and no clue could be found to the mysterious circumstances so solemnly attested by Jim Summers and his spouse. The perfect sincerity of the couple could not be doubted, but Mr. Washburn was on the large from have grown

The Wailing Woman.

It was three o'clock in the morning. The bells of the cathedral and the palace, far away, struck the hour, as we traversed a lonely, silent street toward the suburbs of Mexico. We had been keeping vigil with a wounded man, a compatriot of mine, and had overstayed our watch, for he was frantic with delirium, and we feared to transfer him to the care of the inexperienced and rather careless persons who should succeed us.

We walked on briskly, for it was long hours past the time when coaches and tram-cars had ceased plying. We were in San Cosme, and in front of the great, massive structure which the wife of ex Marshal Bazaine has claimed from the government as an imperial gift to her traitorous husband. The facade of this edifice curves in in such fashion as to form an off-set or alcove on the street, and before we reached it, I fancied I saw a woman's figure stealing along in its denser shadow, and I felt a thrill of compassion for her, as one of the poor children of the night. She was not to be seen when we came near the spot, but a moment later a piercing cry rang out near us—a long-drawn wail of suffering and horror.

I grasped the arm of my comrade. "Some woman is in distress—we must go to her rescue. We are both armed, thank heaven!"

But he threw his arm about me, and forced me forward at a quick pace that was close on a run; and so unexpected was the move that I had been pushed along some rods ere I could offer resistance.

"Come on! come on!" he whispered hoarsely, as I shook myself free from his clasp, "we must go on quickly!"

"I would not have believed you could desert a fellow-creature in trouble!" I cried with indignation, "and beyond all, a woman. It is not like you, Federico." For I had seen his courage tried by venomous serpents in tierra caliente, and in encounters with highwaymen in the Sierras, and I had heard of his coolness and daring in a combat with Apaches in Northern Chihuahua.

"Hush! hush!" he answered, panting. "You know not of what you speak. We abandon no mortal woman—the voice you hear is the cry of La Llorona. Look yonder at the sereno!"

We were near one of the points where a watchman stands all night in the middle of the thoroughfare, and, following my companion's gesture, I saw the officer, fallen upon his knees in the circle of light cast by his lantern; the great capuchin hood of his cape was pulled over his head, and every line of his figure betokened abject fear and horror. There was something uncanny in the sight, for the policemen of Mexico are not impressionable material. And through the silent, empty street those dreadful cries still went ringing wildly, surely sufficient motive for such a display of terror. The sound seemed to float away, and down a by-street toward the equestrian statue of Charles IV., growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

"Let us go," said my companion; "Yes, I am *materialista*, and I sneer at spiritualism and ghosts, and phantoms; but, nevertheless, I think there is not a man or woman in Mexico who would not tremble at the voice of Luisa La Llorona."

* * * *

In the year of our Lord 1584, Luisa Haro was called the most beautiful girl in Mexico, and the most modest. Her father had brought her from Spain when she was ten years old, and, dying four years later, had left her utterly without kindred, so far as was known to herself and her neighbors. She was a clever needle-woman, and a maker of artificial flowers, and her skill found ready employment for churchly uses, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of such work done in the convents. She had little homes-nest in a lonely callejuela, or by-street, almost like an alley, in the shadow of the cloister-walls of one of the guilds that chiefly employed her, and here she lived, forlornly enough, indeed, as is the fate of a woman who dwells quite alone; but her days were virtuous and tranquil. Naught mattered it to her that the gallants came stealing at nightfall into that rincon apartado—that out-of-the-way corner, and tenanted the midnight darkness of its duty, narrow passage. Her shutters were closed and barred ere the darkness gathered, and none of the delicate, scented fingers that tapped on those clumsy defenses ever sounded the Open, Sesame! to the girl they sheltered. Luisa was the despair of all the gay, dissolute blades of the vice-regal court of New Spain. Her neighbors in the lonely by-street were wont to point her out with a strange admixture of feeling, uncertain whether to respect and recommend her severe rectitude, or to disparage her, as one who is denied the natural passions and pleasant frailties of humanity.

But a change came about when the girl was something over twenty years old. It began to be whispered by the gossips of the neighborhood that the shutters of Luisa's window now creaked slightly open, and that her voice was heard at the crevice in converse with one who came not tentatively and doubting, but with the confident, assured step of a man who knows the welcome that awaits him. And soon it was told about, originated in one of the vague, indefinite ways in which such things do transpire, that this complacent wooer was Nuno, Marquis of Montes-Claros. So it was that Luisa assumed a new importance in the eyes of those about her, as will ever happen, under like conditions.

One night—a night when the dashing rain scourged the black walls of the cloister, to the mournful accompaniment of the moaning owls in the belfry—one of the parish goodmen was hastening home belated through the narrow callejuela where dwelt Luisa, when he saw in the space before him something that made him pause and tremble, for he was of the timid bourgeois class that carried no staunch Toledo blade nor slender, deadly rapier swung from the belt.

The night was dark, almost to palpability. No ray of light fell into the callejuela, save the dim ray from the little lantern, swinging before the rude image of some saint in a niche near the tablet on the wall, at the entrance of the by-street where it opened with a blunt angle into a wider thoroughfare. That ray, falling through the weather-stained pane of the lantern, was dim and fitful, and almost seemed to make the darkness denser and more concrete than the shapes that the honest wayfarer fancied he saw flitting along the wall. Now these might be some of the gallants that were always wrangling hereabouts for the sweet sake of Luisa, albeit there had been a notable falling-off in their attendance, since it was rumored she had finally hearkened to the voice of one of their number. Or—and the hair of the honest fellow bristled at the idea, for all the darkness—it might even be Don Nuno himself, and his worship, by all accounts, would not hesitate to spit like a curlew from the marshes one whom he might meet poaching on his preserves. So, fearing to be mistaken for a gallant, the honest citizen shrunk into himself and flattened his portliness against the convent wall as best might be. And the vague shapes passed him by in silence, unperceiving.

He repented him of his timidity the next morning, and reviled himself for a fool and a coward, when the neighborhood thrilled to the news of the flight of Luisa Haro. Her door stood ajar, and the poor belongings of her stood undisturbed in order. All the evidence pointed to the fact that her flight was voluntary and deliberate, and the popular voice was unanimous in declaring that her comrade must be Nuno, Marquis of Montes-Claros. It was this pair, no doubt, whom the worthy goodman had seen stealing away through the darkness, and his repentance was keen that he had not followed them, to possess himself of that knowledge of their movements and destination that would have made him important among his fellows.

From that day, her old-time neighbors knew naught of Luisa Haro, save that some one whose affairs had taken him to the suburb of San Cosme brought back the story that he had seen her there, blooming with sumptuous accessories, in the balcony of a splendid mansion that was known to belong to Montes-Claros.

* * * *

Six years after the flight of Luisa from her homely abode in the narrow callejuela she sat in the luxurious home where Montes-Claros had placed her, brooding mournfully over her situation. The moonlight streamed through the open window, and illuminated her despondent figure. In face and form she was more beautiful than on the day she fled with Montes-Claros, but still was she not beautiful enough to keep the fickle fancy of the Spaniard. His attentions and his interest had gradually diminished, until the unhappy woman now had but too much reason to consider herself altogether deserted by him for whom she had given up all that is most dear to woman. She had lacked no material comfort, it is true, thus far, but this was little consolation to a woman whose thwarted affection was as strong and unaltered as when her passionate heart first poured out its ardent incense before her lover.

She had not seen Montes-Claros for a fortnight, and she was resolved to know the worst without further horror of suspense and anxiety. She rose and carried the infant in her arms to an alcove, behind whose silken curtains lay two older children sleeping. She laid the little one beside his brothers. She shrouded herself in a long, dark, clinging mantle, left the house and took her way to the central streets of the city.

She know the family mansion of Montes-Claros, and shortly found herself before it. The windows of the facade were ablaze with light, and the alarmed watcher saw that the rooms were full of a festive throng. Nuno was there in the midst of his guests with his proud, affected mother, and beside them a young girl, tall and handsome, in bridal raiment.

The heart of Luisa sank like lead within her. She plucked by the sleeve a bystander, gazing like herself through the window. "Do you know, friend, who is the young lady beside the Senor Marques?"

"Who should it be," laughed the man she questioned, "but his *novia*—the bride he wedded this morning at ten of the clock in the chapel of the Sagrario!"

No word answered Luisa, but neither made she outcry, only presently fell back from the window, and pushed her way to the open street through the eager crowd of on-lookers.

Slowly, mechanically she held her way, never hastening, never pausing, till she reached the house in San Cosme, and let herself in at its great arched entrance, and into her own chamber. An antique coffer stood there, an ancient cedar chest with Mauresque decoration, brought over from Spain by the family of Montes-Claros. In it Nuno had been wont to deposit, while he yet frequented the dwelling, such odds and ends as, fancying, he might buy on the way out thither, or matters in his possession at the moment that he found cumbrous.

Still under the spell of that awful, deadly quiet, Luisa opened the old chest, and took from it a dagger, a curious jeweled weapon, that Nuno had tossed down long months since, and forgotten, though its memory had lived in the fevered brain of the woman.

Still lighted only by the pallid, ghastly moonbeams, she went to the alcove where her little ones lay sleeping, and drew aside the curtains.

"Your father has forsaken us, my darling ones, and your mother would fain preserve you from the miseries that await you. To God I recommend your innocent spirits."

Then, one by one, slowly, surely, fatally, she thrust the dagger into the bosom of each tender little body.

Only when the blood welled darkly up, staining the white night raiment, did the wretched mother seem to realize her dreadful doing. She stood a moment as the heart-rending vision, and then ran forth into the streets, uttering those frightful wails that for three hundred years have continued to echo in the streets of Mexico at varying hours and seasons—when the soul in penance can no longer endure its torture, so the devout say

As the wailing woman ran that night, her cries aroused the city, and she was captured and recognized, when the dagger she still clutched, and her blood-stained garments told the tragic story, and gave the clue to discovery of her victims. There was no penalty for man's inhumanity to woman in the Mexico of those days, any more than in the present; and the poor, distracted instrument of crime paid all the temporal penalty in this case, while the actual murderer, in fact, rather gained popularity.

During her imprisonment and trial, Luisa maintained a helpless, hopeless silence. She failed and faded day by day, and when, at last, arrived the hour of execution, she was unable to walk up the steps of the scaffold, and, not from fright, but sheer weakness, she became senseless in the arms of her bearers. The execution proceeded, but the decree of the law was done on a corpse, for ere the halter touched her, Luisa Haro was lifeless.

And, however justice had miscarried in the hands of human authority, the retribution of Heaven proved direct and active. For on that very May day, when the woman who had trusted him went to the doom of a felon, Nuno, Marquis of Montes-Claros, was buried, having died ere his honeymoon was over.

And now, centuries after, it is told that whenever appears the Wailing Woman the following morning sees the flowers on the tomb of Montes-Claros withered, scared, and the earth upon it dank and noisome, as if it were drenched and soaked with blood.

Johnnie's Opinion.

Mamma comes to Johnnie's bed:
"Wake up, wake up, sleepy head!
Don't you hear the robin sing?
'Get up, get up, lazy thing!
Get up, get up,' whistles he,
Out there on the cherry tree."

Sleepy Johnnie rubs his eyes,
And with a drowsy yawn replies:
"Yes, I hear him, but you see,
He ain't sayin' it to me,
He keeps up that horrid noise
Just for his own girls and boys."

The Difference.

Traveling in a second class carriage, a gentleman had a little misunderstanding with a lady, the only occupant of the compartment besides himself, with reference to the opening of a window. "You don't appear to know the difference between the second and third class," said the lady, cuttingly. "Oh! madam," replied he, "I am an old railway traveler; I know all the class distinctions! In the first class the passengers behave rudely to the guards; in the third the guards behave rudely to the passengers; in the second"—with a bow to his fellow-passenger—"the passenger behave rudely to each other."

Candor.

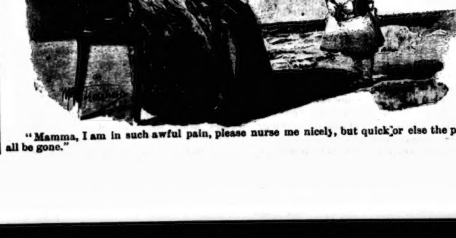
Straltout (on his winding way home from the lodge at 2.30 a. m.)—Of course she'll wantcher to teller whay've been. Be saffily honest, ole boy. Do's I do. I tell my wife ev'thing that haps."

Crafty (on his winding way home from same lodge at same hour)—So do I. But I go further'n you do. I tell mine losh o' things 'at nev hap' 'tall."

The Irrepressible Reporter.

Reporter (having in vain endeavored to interview the Minister for Foreign Affairs disguises himself as a barber)—Now, will your Excellency deign to give me your views of the New Triple Alliance.

A Little Diplomatist.



"Mamma, I am in such awful pain, please nurse me nicely, but quick or else the pain will all be gone."

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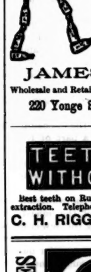

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To Contributors.

Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.

High Hats at the Theaters.

Hitherto the crusade against the wearing of high hats in theaters and other places of amusement by ladies has been unavailing. Notwithstanding the volumes of indignation expended on the subject, the high hat holds its ground much to the inconvenience and discomfort of play-goers. It is only another instance of the powerlessness of public opinion and rational argument against fashionable absurdities. Hoopskirts, the chignon, banged hair and other preposterous fashions were all in their turn assailed, but reason and ridicule proved alike ineffective as against the decrees of fashion. Critics might rail, sneer or laugh as they chose, but the fashion had to run its course, and doubtless the same will be the case with the high hat. The only consolation for the remonstrants is that time is on their side and that their particular aversion will before long in the natural order of things be voted obsolete and relegated to the limbo of last year's styles. In the meantime masculine humanity must grin and bear it.

Protest may be useless, but none the less it is much to be regretted that ladies otherwise incapable of discourteesy should, even at the bidding of the all-powerful goddess of Fashion, persist in a practice which essentially savors of ill-breeding. This may seem a strong term to use but surely a selfish disregard for the convenience and even the rights of other is not altogether consistent with good manners. The truest refinement always shows itself in a kindly consideration for other people. Usage and habit have blunted the perception of many so that they are unconscious of the intrinsically unseemly and selfish character of the act. But no plea of following the fashion and doing merely what others do can make it otherwise than an unreasonable and discourteous infringement upon the enjoyment of others for ladies to thrust their preposterous headgear between the spectators in the rear of them and the stage. It is one of those results of pure thoughtlessness and want of consideration which unfortunately tend to lessen the chivalric feeling on the part of mankind towards the female sex and diminish the respect in which women, as a class, should always be held in a civilized community.

Ladies at Political Gatherings.

A pleasing feature of the great Imperial Federation gathering, held on Saturday evening last, was the presence of many ladies belonging to the highest social circles. The close attention with which they listened to the speeches throughout evinced a greater degree of interest in public affairs than women are generally credited with. The custom of ladies attending political meetings is one of comparatively recent growth in Canada. A few years ago it would have been considered decidedly out of place for women to listen to political speeches. Indeed the usual arrangements were such as to preclude their doing so, no provision being made for their accommodation. Political managers have of late discovered that, though women have no votes in national politics, their influence is an effective force. There is little doubt that the success of the Salisbury Government at the last British general election was largely due to the influence of the Primrose league, with its indefatigable lady canvassers and workers.

By bringing out the ladies on important political occasions and stimulating their active interest in the great questions at issue, the party managers and those undertaking to promote public movements independent of party, will do much to strengthen their cause. They will, in addition, confer a benefit on society by broadening the minds of the women, and leading them to take an enlightened view of the great questions of the day. The lack of a Canadian national sentiment is frequently deplored. There can be no surer way to develop a patriotic spirit among the rising generation than to encourage, on the part of the wives and mothers, an intelligent study of public affairs and that thorough acquaintance with national questions which everyone, irrespective of sex, ought to possess. In other countries the lessons of patriotism are learned by the child at its mother's knee, and it should be the same in Canada. If there has remained in the minds of some any lingering idea that the presence of ladies at political demonstrations is "bad form," the examples of those leading society women, who contributed so much by the charm of their presence to make the Imperial Federation meeting a success, ought forever to dissipate such an absurd notion.

The Tendency to Celibacy.

One of the most striking of the social changes which have taken place in the last generation or so is the increased tendency to celibacy on the part of both sexes. Marriages are contracted, as a rule, at a later period of life than formerly, and the number of those who do not marry at all, either owing to circumstances or a deliberate determination to remain in single blessedness, is largely increasing. It is not so long since an unmarried woman of twenty-five was considered an old maid, and the chances of her ever finding a partner for life were regarded as of the slimmest. Now we should hardly think of applying this designation to any passable looking lady under thirty-five. Young men who in the days of our fathers would have thought it incumbent on them to get married and settled shortly after attaining their majority, either by choice or from necessity, remain single until they are well on towards middle age or subside into confirmed bachelorhood. The unmarried people who have passed their first youth, even if they can yet claim to come under the somewhat uncertain category of being "still young," constitute a very considerable and increasing element of our society. This appears to be one of the inevitable tendencies of a high and artificial civilization. It is still more noticeable in English social circles, and in the large American cities, than in Canada. Our notions of the requirements of life are continually expanding. Men and women are no longer satisfied with modest comforts and small beginnings. If they cannot live on the same scale as that to which they have been accustomed under the paternal roof they prefer to forego the pleasures and the responsibilities of matrimony. Many writers on social questions consider this a grave evil, pregnant with dangers to our civilization, and are continually urging early marriages, and a return to the simpler tastes and habits of the past. Such preaching is useless and serves no good purpose. Early marriages are not altogether desirable for many reasons. In the first place they are apt to be the result of a passing fancy on the part of people who do not know their own minds, rather than of an affection that will stand the test of time and the hard rubs of the struggle for existence. A union formed later in life, when, as Shakespeare has it, "The hey-day in the blood is tame, and waits upon the judgment" is more likely to be harmonious. It might be well were people to attach less importance to externals, and be willing to live in a plain simple way. But so long as they value luxury and style, and the enjoyments of fashionable life, so that they cannot be happy without them, it is far better that they should not marry early. No existence can be more wretched than that of a married couple struggling against poverty, without the consolation of a love strong enough to reconcile them to the deprivation of the gratifications to which they have been accustomed. The injunction which some quote as giving a religious sanction to early marriages has no application to these later days, when there are people enough and to spare in the world.

Easter, 1888.

For Saturday Night.

Lent gathers up her cloak of sombre shading
In her reluctant hands.
Her beauty-queen, fairest in its fading,
As pensively she stands
Awaiting Easter's benediction falling,
Like silver stars at night,
Before she can obey the summons calling
Her to her upward flight,
Awaiting Easter's wings that she must borrow
Ere she can hope to fly,
Those glorious wings that we will see to-morrow
Against the far, blue sky.
Has not the purple of her vesture's lining
Brought calm and rest to all?
Has her dark robe had naught of goblen shining,
Been naught but pleasure's pall?
Who knows? Perhaps when to the world returning,
In youth's light joyousnes,
We'll wear some rarer jewels we found burning
In Lent's black-bordered dress.
So hand in hand with fitful March she lingers
To beg the crowning grace
Of lifting with her pure and holy fingers
The veil from April's face.
Sweet, rosy April—laughing, sighing, waiting
Until the gateway swings,
Till she and Lent can kiss between the grating
Of Easter's tissue wings.
Too brief the bliss—the parting comes with sorrow.
Good-bye, dear Lent, good-bye,
We'll watch your fading wings outlined to-morrow
Against the far blue sky.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Maple Sugar.

For Saturday Night.

In the days when his heart was young and his blood warm, Tennyson, with his finger on humanity's pulse, remarked that "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." And love is sweet. But love is not the only sweet thing to which the fancy of the Canadian young man turns when spring time comes, gentle Annie. He hankers for maple sugar.

The maple leaf is our emblem dear, but dearer still is maple sugar, even when it is not true to name.

The maple is recognized as the monarch of our forest, yet candor compels us to admit that it is the biggest sap-head in the bush.

At divers times through the press of the country Mr. Phipps has anxiously asked, "How shall we Preserve our Forests?" Try maple syrup. Stir often over a slow fire, and while yet warm pour into hermetically sealed jars, storing in a cool place.

The boy who eats plenty of maple sugar is bound to have lots of sand in him.

With the march of civilization the old campkettle has been superseded as a part of the outfit for sugar making. Some enterprising manufacturers have also dispensed with the trough and pail, the auger, and even the maple tree.

It is a very early spring when the wholesale confectioner cannot get ahead of the honest, old-fashioned granger in handling the new crop of maple sugar.

The hard maple is too slow a grower for our wholesale houses, and, despite sugar monopolies, "trusts," and the tariff, common brown in the hogshead, neatly doctored, is cheaper and more easy to handle than genuine maple sap in the bush. *Verbum sap.*

Not long ago in a Paris salon, Rossini was sitting at his piano trying a piece of music by Wagner. A friend came in and made the remark that the music was turned upside down. "Yes; I know," said Rossini, "but I tried to play it the other way, and I can't, so I am trying it this."

Rev. Father Kenny.

On Sunday night St. Michael's cathedral was crowded to the doors by a congregation eager to hear the Rev. Father Kenny, a young Jesuit who has achieved great reputation as a pulpit orator. The cathedral was cold, the change in the heating apparatus having left it at the same temperature as the street. Whatever may be said of Roman Catholics, their strict adherence to the rules of their church and the mortification of the flesh which they undergo without complaint are beyond contravention. Except a few ladies in the choir, none but men were present.

I confess to being strongly impressed by the vesper services, the prayers, the lights, the shadows, the solemnity, the solitude of worship, which can be seen nowhere in such perfection as in a Catholic cathedral. The childish voices in the responses, the mysterious distances, the venerable archbishop, the cross of fire above the altar, and all those material accessories which separate man from the affairs of the earth and place him in what Dr. Parsons would call the "perceptive position" and in what the Rev. Mr. Watson might term the "receptive attitude," were there, and the congregation was devoutly worshipping.

A young man clad in black with a strong, clean-shaven face and immense chest and agile step strode from the vestry, bent before the altar, kissed the archoishop's ring, and then with a stately grace which we see seldom off the stage mounted the winding stair leading to the pulpit. He was the counterpart of many an eager young actor I have seen on the mimic stage in Richelieu, and I could imagine the old archbishop holding forth his hand and saying to Francois "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'fail.'" The preacher leaned gracefully on the side of the pulpit, and then touching his forehead with his hand was answered by almost every hand in the audience, repeating after him the sign of the cross.

"He that persevereth unto the end shall be saved" (or, as it is in our version, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved"—Matt., 10th chapter) was the text. He began with an eloquent and glowing description of home, saying that if man had no hope of another world he would be justified in making an idol and a heaven of his home. But even by the hearthstone we are not safe from the trials and tribulations which afflict mankind, and while we gaze into the faces of our loved ones we are not secure from the suspicions and disquiet which prove to us that nothing is perfect and earth is not our home.

His voice has that remarkable strength which can be heard over a very large building, full of the vibratory power and dramatic intonation which we so seldom hear in the pulpit. His grace, the wonderful self-poise of his manner, his glowing climaxes, his intensity of speech, the remarkable changes of pitch and modulation of his voice, were such as we find among the very best actors, the most cultured orators, but seldom, I might almost say never, among our preachers.

George Kenny is the son of Sir Edward Kenny, of Halifax, and nephew of Chief Justice Henry, of the Supreme Court. He has a brother in the House of Commons, and was himself a promising lawyer before he left the bar and took the vows of the Society of Jesus, which bind him forever to the order instituted by Ignatius Loyola. He has been preaching a mission for the week ending last Sunday, assisted by Father Jones of the same order, who is also highly connected in the Maritime Provinces and Toronto. These enthusiastic young men, for they are not much past thirty years of age, appear to be as near the type of revivalists as are ever found within the Roman Catholic church. There is no doubt that their preaching has been received most acceptably in Toronto, and Passion Week has borne witness, by many acts of self-sacrifice, of the deep conviction which has been brought home to many hearts by Father Kenny's exhortations.

After reviewing his week's work he continued his sermon, dealing with the meaning of perseverance as applied to the pursuit of temporal and spiritual matters. "It is hard to persevere, you will say," said he: "Yes, it is hard to persevere if you are thinking of perseverence in the pursuit of fame, earthly happiness, riches or position. It is hard, if you are poor and unknown, without friends and influence, to achieve the rewards of this world. The discouragements are many and bitter, the rewards few, fleeting and disappointing; and yet the world thinks it all worth the battle. In the Isthmian games, many centuries ago, men underwent all the privations, weariness and self-restraint of training for the races and matches, and what boy was there in Corinth who did not know the name, perhaps age and weight, and achievements of those who had entered the arena on the Grecian isthmus? What lad was there who could not tell you the name of the victor in the year's chariot races and the color of his horses, and so to-day the whole world, as it always has been, is engaged in struggles, and when the history of the nineteenth century is written it will be called the competitive age. More keenly than ever in the history of the world is man pitted against man, and every avocation is crowded; in every business there is the keenest competition, and yet mankind is willing to struggle on in its ceaseless toil and continual disappointments. It is not our purpose to seek to change this, but to accept it and by every means in our power to direct competition towards holier things.

"But when we speak of perseverance in spiritual matters I can tell you it is not a hard thing; it is a beautiful, glorious thing. Every day amidst its hardest trials we find our reward. It is a beautiful and ennobling thing. There are no disappointments.

"Everyone who determines to persevere must keep in mind two things; first, that his perseverance must be earnest. You may say that it is a hard thing to be earnest in spiritual matters. Why should it be so? In unworthy things our perseverance is earnest. We rise early, work late and think of nothing but the accomplishment of our end. Why should it not be so in spiritual matters, yet so many are content with simply thinking of the affairs of the soul and doing nothing. This is not earnestness. We must not only think but act, and throw some of the vigor into our actions which characterizes our pursuit of less worthy ends. In the second place we must be confident and feel certain of the reward. No faltering and wondering if it is worth while, or doubting whether what we are told by God's word is true.

"'He that persevereth unto the end shall be saved.' Who can tell when the end will come? The Christian, earnest and confident, knows that no matter when the end shall come it will find him ready, and beyond him is that home where happiness is complete, where he will never see his little ones stretching forth their hands for bread, and, weeping, turn away because they cannot be satisfied. His heart will never more be rent by cries of pain and sorrow, will never more know disappointment and tears. You know the way to achieve this happiness. You have heard it from the lips of the infallible church, as it was given by Christ to Peter." At this point he told them that at the end of the mission preached by members of his society his Holiness the Pope had empowered them to bless the hearers, and this blessing was as if it came from the Pontiff himself. His Grace the Archbishop, amidst the splendors of the altar, pronounced the blessing, the preacher and the large audience kneeling in prayer. After this Father Kenny reminded his hearers that at their baptism, when they had been received into the church, their sponsors had on their behalf promised that they should renounce Satan and all his works and profess their faith in Christ, the holy Catholic church, the resurrection of the dead and eternal life. He would now ask them to stand up and each man repeat the responses after him, renewing their vows. This the congregation did with an earnestness and solemnity such as I have never before seen excelled at a religious service of any kind. He told them to remember their morning prayers; not to go out to their toil before their souls had been attuned to the service of their God. This daily devotion was obligatory upon them, and every week they should be at mass. This weekly duty should not be avoided; no petty excuses should be made. He asked them to remember that the trifling excuses offered for avoiding attendance on mass were such as would be received by no one for the breaking of an ordinary business engagement, and they must take care not to offer to God an excuse which would not be valid if offered to man. He adjured them most earnestly that at least once a month they should attend communion, for if they partook not of the flesh of Christ they were not a part of Him. He told them the experience of those who ministered unto souls was that those who stayed away from mass and communion, died without the sacrament and the blessings of the church.

I noticed the collection plate as it passed. It was heaped with silver and bills, though I was not more than a dozen seats from where the plates started. Knowledge of human nature is no doubt one of the strongest towers of strength possessed by the Roman Catholic church. It cannot be said of Father Kenny's sermon—as I have frequently been forced to say with regard to the preaching of many Protestant divines—that it had any uncertain sound or could not be comprehended by the hearer. The absolute certainty with which their dogmas are preached inspires confidence and I can appreciate the incident related of Cardinal Newman. He was of a tender and loving disposition, without self-assertiveness, while his brother was bold and aggressive. When they were both attacked by doubt the nature that sought strength and certainly found refuge in the Roman Catholic church, while the one who was strong and self-reliant deserted the Anglican doctrines for infidelity. The beauty of the life of one increased, while agnosticism brought nothing but misery to the other. It is easy for those who know how humanity struggles to find something strong to lean upon and a sense of assured safety, to see why men seek happiness in the Catholic religion, while others of set views may gaze on its pageantry and be repelled by what they think is idolatrous. Still, when we see so many churches, all adapting themselves to the wants of certain classes of mankind, does it not savor of bigotry when the church is denounced which has done most to carry the cross into heathen lands? Surely it has its mission, and the record of its martyrs proves that that mission has been characterized by the perseverance which is both earnest and confident and full of self-sacrifice in the face of overwhelming difficulties.

DON.

Canadian Leaves.

Just now, when Imperial Federation and Canadian Nationality are being so much discussed, no book can be more interesting than one entitled Canadian Leaves, recently published by Napoleon Thompson & Co., 51 Maiden Lane, New York, comprising a selection of papers read before the Canadian club of New York. Mr. Edmund Collins contributes a paper on the Future of the Dominion of Canada, and to an ardent believer in Federation, such as Col. Denison or D'Alton McCarthy, it must be most refreshing to read how Mr. Collins brushes aside the idea of Federation as impracticable and Annexation as something which is not worth wasting words upon. He argues strongly for an independent nationality, ending with a glowing peroration, describing how, after obtaining independence, the Canadian people went on "adding and building, striving and achieving, until they crowned their work with a nationhood that in the eyes of civilized mankind stood second to none in prosperity, intelligence and general contentment." Prof. Goldwin Smith's The Schism in the Anglo-Saxon Race is a most valuable historical paper, although many will take issue with him in assuming that Commercial Union would be an unmixed blessing to both countries. Rev. John C. Ecclestone's The Great Canadian North-West paints in glowing colors the vastness and capabilities of our great Dominion, and gives a short history of the construction of that great highway to the Pacific—the Canadian Pacific railway—showing the stupendous engineering difficulties which were encountered and overcome in an almost incredibly short period. Many other interesting papers are contributed by well-known men, and each paper is prefaced by a well executed portrait of the author. Typographically the book is a gem, being excellently printed on fine paper. It was prepared under the editorial supervision of Mr. George M. Fairchild, jr., one of the vice-presidents of the club, and it deserves a large circulation not only in Canada, but in the United States and Great Britain also, for it is quite certain that every one who reads it will have a better idea of Canadian affairs than could ordinarily be gleaned from a very wide range of general reading.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

A meeting of those interested in baseball was called last week by Mr. Sam Schultz, the sec.-treas. of the B. B. C., and arrangements were made for the spring season.

The directorate of the *'Varsity* have secured a comfortable room down town. It will serve in the meantime for the editorial and other work connected with the paper, and may ultimately develop into a 'Varsity club.

The movement for more ready access to the library for the students is again on foot. To Mr. Fred B. Hodgins is due the credit of securing such a mass of evidence relative to the management of the best American libraries as shall commend itself to the notice of the library authorities here.

The elections have come and gone, and Mr. W. F. W. Creelman defeats Mr. J. McD. Duncan by a majority of 23 for the presidency.

I went over to Moss hall on Friday night to cast my vote, and, in the words of Stephen Blackpool, "It was aw a muddle." The undergrads were howling, sweating and shoving, as usual, on this occasion.

Reports had just been read by Mr. L. Boyd, sec. of committees, and Mr. J. W. Henderson, retiring treasurer. Mr. W. Huston, M.A., reported for the committee who read the prize essays. Mr. T. B. P. Stewart's was accorded the first place and Mr. F. J. Green's the second.

A large graduate vote was polled, many of the old 'Varsity men being lured to the scene as the time recurs, or, perhaps, more correctly, hustled there in a cab. They were admitted by a sidedoor, their dignity being thus less imperilled, as also their silk hats, eye-glasses, etc.

It was a bright moon light night and the cabs did good service, the polls being closed at four in the morning. Residence did not take so active a part in the election en masse as before.

Refreshment booths were secured at Caer-Howell street for the Red party and on Spadina avenue, for the Affirmatives.

Mr. T. C. Milligan presided as returning officer and the scrutineers were Mr. W. H. Hodges, Mr. F. MacNamara, Mr. Heggie, Mr. J. E. Jones and one or two others.

Red ribbons were flaunted on every hand, but I looked in vain for them the next morning when the results were read out. Mr. C. MacLaghlan for fourth year councillor was the only man besides the president that the Red party elected.

Mr. Hugh B. Fraser polled the highest undergraduate vote, 220.

Knox divided almost equally on the president.

Mr. T. Marshall, B. A., was up from Dundas.

In spite of the vigilance of the scrutineers, there was some impersonation.

Mr. C. C. Owen entertained the Wycliffe audience on Friday evening with an interesting paper in the missionary line.

La Societe des Langues Vivantes held its last meeting for the session on Monday afternoon. Mr. J. D. Spence was elected president for next year, and Mr. C. A. Stuart, recording secretary. Messrs. Bonner and Dwyer will also be on the committee. The attendance was not large, owing to the weather, but a good programme was provided, to which Mr. J. N. Dales, Miss Scott, and Mr. E. C. Jeffrey contributed. The club is yearly growing in numbers and popularity.

TOGA.

A Regular Boy.

He was not at all particular
To keep the perpendicular,
While walking, for he either skipped or jumped.
He stood upon his head awhile,
And, when he went to bed awhile,
He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.

He never could keep still a bit;
The lookers-on thought ill of it;
He balanced on his ear the kitchen broom;
And did some neat trapezing,
Which was wonderfully pleasing,
On every peg in grandpa's harness room.

From absolute inanity,
The cat approached insanity
To see him slide the bannisters, so rash;
But once on that mahogany,
While trying to toboggan, he
Upset his calculations with a crash!

And since that sad disaster
He has gone about in plaster—
Not of Paris, like a nice Italian toy;
But the kind the doctor uses,
When the bumps and cuts and bruises
Overcome a little regular live boy!

Here and There.

The Imperial Federationists have reason to be proud of the large and representative gathering at their meeting on Saturday night. The affair was well managed and the speeches were excellent, Mr. Weldon, an M. P. from the maritime provinces, particularly distinguishing himself by his able address. In fact all the orators of the evening seemed to be on their metal and determined to do their very best and when we remember the fact that they had been chosen from among the finest speakers in the House of Commons, this means a good deal. The feature of the evening and the speech which will live longest in public memory was that of Colonel George T. Denison. He is such an able and upright police judge, such a companionable man, quaint storyteller, kindly host and a pleasant gentleman generally, that there is no disposition on the part of the press or his acquaintances to poke fun at his lurid loyalty and exceedingly bellicose devotion to the old flag. Nobody pretends to take him seriously, when with an imaginary sword in hand he springs up to carve the enemies of the empire. Intoxicated by the warlike spirit which seems to enter him when he rises to talk on almost any subject that can be given a military turn, he rushes down the steep place and is choked in the Gennesaret of rhetorical absurdity. To dwell a little longer on this sort of parable, the Colonel seems to be a good deal like the man who lived in the tombs and was possessed of a spirit which made him exceeding fierce, so that no man durst pass that way. This is an old peculiarity of the Colonel's, and even at his club people all snicker when he puts his spurs on and drawing his two-handed scimitar proceeds to ride over the gory field of his imagination, lopping off heads and cleaving in twain the hordes of enemies with which his staggering fancy peoples the plains of Treason. I don't know any other man who can talk as much deadly rubbish in such deadly earnest as Col. George T. Denison, and I really don't believe that he is loved and respected any the less for his strange adventures with the monsters of his nightmare.

***

The Imperial Federation fad may become fashionable in select circles, but it will never be popular. There is a growing tendency towards national development which may not look with such bitterness on the Imperialistic notion as it does on Annexation, yet is earnestly opposed to both. Any talk about Canada being a kingdom makes people laugh, and any serious attempt to crown a king would really cause Canadians to laugh themselves into a fit, after which they would rise up and snuff the silly people out who might try to originate a monarchy. We can endure a sort of vice-deputy king to open the Industrial Exhibition, and preside at half-a-dozen balls, but anything more than this would be resented. People are sometimes fond of gazing at a side show who would not like to marry the freak.

***

Apart from a good deal of absurdity connected with the movement it shows that this country thoroughly understands itself to be a formative condition and is seeking for something more enduring. If something advantageous to the Dominion can be evolved by the Imperial Federationists it will be accepted, but any proposition that has nothing but a little empty glory in it will excite nothing but ridicule. Now that public attention has been attracted to the name Imperial Federationists will do well to keep quiet until they have something substantial to offer.

***

The question of Sunday amusements is being discussed on all sides in England at present, the subject having been brought up recently in the Upper House of Convocation. A memorial was presented to that august body, pointing out the amusements and entertainments which, it is alleged, the upper classes indulge in on Sundays, and asking if the bishops would join a public protest against such practices. The bishops, however, were not at all unanimous on the matter. The Bishop of London, while inclining to the belief that the allegations set forth might be true to a certain extent, doubted whether a public protest of the kind suggested was expedient, for it it fell flat, its tendency would be to do harm rather than good. The Bishop of Winchester also, while regretting that the memorial might be true, pointed out that many years ago there was a much greater neglect of Sunday observance among the fashionable classes than there has been since. This question of Sunday amusements and Sunday observance is confessedly a difficult problem to solve, for an amusement which may seem perfectly harmless to one will appear a terrible profanation of the Holy Day to another. And here as elsewhere inconsistency will crop up, an instance of which recurs to my mind at this moment. Some years ago a well-known minister had preached a sermon on a Sunday morning, in the course of which he condemned in vigorous language the idea of running the street cars on a Sunday, even if it was only for an hour or two for the purpose of taking people to church. But that afternoon while a friend and I were taking a walk, a carriage came bowling past us and seated in the carriage was the worthy minister who had only a few hours before so vigorously denounced the working of horses on a Sunday! I heard next day that he had preached on Sunday afternoon at a church some two miles distant; but at the same time it is an open question whether he should not have walked the distance, so as to have been thoroughly consistent in his argument. As a matter of fact, the law alone cannot make people keep Sunday. The law must be backed up by a sound public opinion, and the best observance of Sunday will be found where public opinion does not call for undue strictness on the one side nor for such liberty as tends towards license on the other.

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The directors of the Y. M. C. A., were no doubt right when they thought that a swimming bath in their new building would be an extra inducement to young men to join the Association. But the directors knew what the cost for water would be, and if the bath could not be afforded for the present rate, it should never have been built, or else an increased fee should be charged for using it. If the city should give a special rate to this institution for the water they use, every hotel and large consumer of water will be sending in a petition for a reduced rate—therefore, I trust the Water Works Committee will mildly, but firmly, refuse the request of the deputation for a reduction.

Hanlon Brothers, in their farcical medley, Voyage en Suisse, have been drawing good houses at the Grand during the week. A mixture of this kind cannot be criticized from any other point than that of pantomime, with some dialogue and scenery thrown in. Those who see it for the first time are always amused by the surprises and odd situations and funny capers of the principal characters. But after one experience, when we know just how each man will act and can anticipate the horse-jokes and rough-and-tumble pranks, one sits and watches it with the fairly contented feeling that everything is being done as well as it can be done, but wondering a little why anyone takes the trouble to do it. I never could understand how anyone could go a second time to see Humpty Dumpty or any other pantomime or systematized horse-play where the fun consists almost entirely in one clown hitting another on the nose and receiving in turn a thump with a paddle on a prepared sounding-board. Voyage En Suisse is a little better than the old fashioned affair where a man gorges himself with bread and makes faces at some mechanical rat, inasmuch as the "model servants," as Ned Hanlon and Ned Edwards call themselves, get themselves up to look more or less human, and a few elements of possibility are introduced into the general catastrophe. The play that is unlike nature, or that is entirely dissimilar to anything we would like nature to be, has no interest except for hilarious pleasure-seekers and big-eyed children. Aside from the lack of human interest and consistent motive, the play is funny because the two principals are wonderfully expert acrobats and have the science of mechanical funny business down finer than any other men in the profession. Anything the Hanlons put on is always well done, and they stand unrivalled in their particular line of business. It is something to see the greatest artists in a special department, and though it does not bear seeing very often, it is an experience in its way. Miss Helene Mortimer as Juliet, the village beauty, sang a song, "Never, Never, No More," which is catching and was sweetly sung. Outside of this the cast was fairly good, but undeserving of any special mention.

*

At the Toronto this week the well-known comedian Benj. Maginley has been presenting Inshavogue to good houses. The play is a typical one of the Hibernian order, but rather above the ordinary standard and abounds in many thrilling incidents, while a plentiful dash of pleasing humor runs through the whole. Mr. Maginley is an artist in his line and has been meeting with the success he deserves. The support is good.

*

Lovers of dramatic readings will have an opportunity to hear Mrs. Scott-Siddons next Tuesday evening at Association hall. She is too well known to need any special mention, and a full house will no doubt greet this her second appearance within a few months.

*

Sam'l of Posen will be on at the Toronto Opera House next week. The Trenton (New Jersey) *Times* says: "Sam'l of Posen at the opera house last night, with Russell Bassett as Samuel Plastrick, the commercial drummer, the most innocent man on the road, kept the large audience in the best of humor. It is a difficult thing to appear in a character made famous by an actor so popular as M. B. Curtis, and at first the audience was rather inclined to look on Mr. Bassett as an intruder, but after the first act the house warmed to the clever young actor and gave him a reception to be proud of. The company was above the average."

*

Jim The Penman will be on at the Grand next week. It is a good play and the public may depend that it will be well presented, as Mr. A. M. Palmer's Madison square theater company is always above reproach. For more than a year the visitor in New York enquiring where he could go for an evening's entertainment would be asked if he had seen Jim The Penman and if he answered "no," would certainly be recommended to go to the Madison square theater and see it. The play is wonderfully strong and is full of an intensity which is sure to enchant an audience.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Tony Pastor has taken a new lease of his New York theater for ten years, paying $10,000 a season for rent.

Edward Harrigan has re-leased the Park theater for five years longer, paying the snug sum of $15,000 a year for rent.

A touch of Ouida's wisdom: "The French will have so much vice in a play, and the English so much virtue, that a natural or possible play is an impossibility now upon either stage."

*

Omaha girl—Did you really go to see La Tosca? Why, the correspondent said it was outrageously immoral. New York girl—Well, it isn't quite so bad as that; but at the same time it is not the sort of play I would care to send my mother to.

Amateur actor—I think I was great in that death scene, Charley.

Charley—Yes, indeed, old man. Why, when you fell back and expired, and your lifeless form was carried away, the applause was fairly deafening. I never saw such a delighted audience.

Manager H. R. Jacobs of Jacobs and Shaw's Toronto Opera House, was one of the heaviest individual losers in this country by the severe blizzard. Twenty thousand dollars would not cover his losses, for out of his twenty or more theaters only two or three were opened on Monday and the majority of them did not open until Thursday—blizzard week—on account of the different companies being unable to reach their destinations.

A London actor was the recipient of a curious offering on the occasion of his benefit. This was a bouquet made up entirely of vegetables, and was, in itself, quite artistic. Every available vegetable was represented—in the middle was a small cauliflower, round which clustered small parsnips, radishes, lettuces, and even asparagus, with trailing green peas, etc., the colors relieved by little patches of green stuff. The bouquet was duly cased in silver paper, and viewed at a short distance, looked strangely like an orthodox floral offering.

Joseph Murphy is now one of the wealthiest actors in the profession. Owing to ill-health he has retired for a season, and will spend several months on his ranches at Los Angeles. Mr. Murphy is a striking example of the amount of education requisite to achieve a financial and popular success as an actor. It is said that he can barely read and write, and his mathematics covers nothing above a box-office statement. A newspaper possesses about as much interest for him as a patent office report to the ordinary American, and all the amusement he can find is in active work.

A very large sum of money having been placed at the disposal of King George by a number of Greek millionaires for the purpose of promoting some grand national enterprise, His Majesty has decided to employ the money in founding a national theater at Athens, in the style of the Theater Francais, wherein none but the works of Greek poets are to be represented. This theater is to be capable of seating eight hundred persons, and in connection with it a school is to be founded, the best pupils from which are to finish their studies in France, Germany or Italy.

The delight of the first night of an actress' career is enough to outweigh all the drudgery and tedium of rehearsal. The excitement of dressing for her part places the novice in an agreeable frame of mind. Then there is the delicious uncertainty of success or failure, which can only be compared to the chances of a horse race. There is the same sort of hurrah noise and fascinating chicanery about the stage that there is about the race track. What if I should miss my cue, or stumble in going on the stage, or forget my lines, or faint from stage fright? thinks the young novice, all in a tremor and flutter, as she stands inside the door through which she is to enter on the new, magic world of the play. The fatal word is spoken; the trembling girl gathers her courage in her hands and darts on the stage, to find a sea of faces swimming before her with a singular effect of vapor upon it, through which the footlights seem to rise and fall. The electric sensation of being before an audience puts her on her mettle, and, presently recovering her self, she fages the other characters like a woman of spirit and takes her place in the group as if she had been born to the boards. There is a great deal of nonsense written about stage fright. It is one of those bugbears by which professionals keep amateurs out of their sunshine. The chief regret of young actresses is that their parts are so scant, and that the heavenly intoxication of impersonation lasts so short a time.

The following is a criticism in a one-night stand newspaper. This appeared in a town where the local manager asked if Booth and Barrett carried a brass band and if Dixey was a tragedian:

"A player named Joseph Jefferson appeared at our opera house last Tuesday night in a piece which he bills as Rip Van Winkle. He came to us slathered with the puffery of the eastern press as a great comedian.

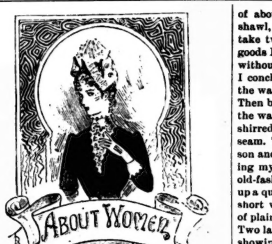
"Although indebted to the manager of the show for the extra courtesy of a private box, gratitude must take a back seat when truth comes to the front, and we are compelled to give it as our honest opinion, after an experience of years in seeing all kinds of shows, from Booth down to a catamount fight, that this Jefferson is about the tamest excuse of a player we have ever seen slide into sight from the wings.

"There was nothing natural in his imitation of a chronic Dutch drunk. There wasn't enough life in him to make snoots at anything.

"The play was away off from first-class; it was about as weak and dreary as Jefferson's acting. It was a mess of gabble and unlikelihood.

"The way he played drunk was sickening; there was no more hoorah in it than there is in root-beer. He ought to study some of our style of drunks here. The play was away off base—regular tenderfoot slush. There was no more hair-raising excitement in it than there is in a funeral sermon. Jefferson may be good enough for New York dudes to look at, but he doesn't go for a cent here on the stage of our beautiful opera house, where our elite have seen the brilliant acting of Alvin Joslyn, the splendid eructative tragedy of J. A. Stevens and such.

"The audience was slim, the receipts thin and the weather moderate for a zero temperature Next Monday the celebrated tragedian Owen O'Connor, will act out Hamlet."



She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.
—SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

After the terrible March winds we have been enduring, a few remarks as to the care of the complexion may not be unseasonable. Of course the most important requisite is absolute cleanliness. I do not, however, advocate the daily use of any kind of soap. Its tendency is to destroy the almost imperceptible down, like the bloom on a peach, which covers the face of youth. It is when this bloom wears off, as it does sooner or later, that a woman begins to look old. A thorough wash once a week with soap is sufficient for all who are not engaged in any very dusty work. To remove flesh-worms I have found nothing so good as hard rubbing with a flannel cloth saturated with any kind of alcoholic liquor. A wine glassful of the extract of Panama bark added to the bath will correct the ill effects of hard water and render it pleasantly soft. The extract is made as follows: Crush four ounces Panama bark, and macerate for seven days in a mixture of a pint of spirits of wine with a pint of rosewater. Filter through paper, and keep in a stoppered bottle.

A tanned skin may be cleared by washing in a solution of carbonate of soda and a little lemon juice: then with Fuller's earth-water. Roughness or redness may be removed by rubbing the skin thoroughly with an unguent compounded of 7 oz. of expressed oil of sweet almonds; 2 oz. oil of jasmine; ½ oz. oil of tuberose; 10 drachms white wax. Melt the wax in the almond oil by a gentle heat; add the oils of jasmine and tuberose; stir until cold and cover well.

*

Somebody claims to have made a discovery which robs advancing age of half its terrors. This is that by rubbing patiently each disfiguring and tell-tale wrinkle with an oil extracted from loose sheep or lamb's wool boiled in alcohol, a necessary nourishment is afforded the muscles. From being flabby they become tense and behold! we are rivalling our daughters in

"That beauty truly blent of red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

*

English papers record the death of Dr. Anna Kingsford. She was a consistent vegetarian and a tower of strength to the anti-vivisection cause. So far did she carry her antipathy to the destruction of animal life that she wore feathers in place of furs, silk gloves in all weathers, and some vegetable material for her shoes.

Whilst much could be said in favor of the comforts of English boots, it must be acknowledged there was little in the past to be said on the score of beauty. A reformation has been effected in the latter respect. Afternoon shoes of Russia leather in rich red and tan color have been introduced, and as soon as the weather permits we are to have walking shoes of the same beautiful colors.

*

An exhibition of women's work is to take place at Knightsbridge, Eng. Every style of work accomplished by the deft fingers of woman will be represented on this occasion. The idea cannot be too strongly commended.

*

Would not an affair of this kind, held in Toronto, under feminine auspices and including exhibits from Ontario and Quebec, be equally encouraging and beneficial to the sex? It might not only advertise the beaten paths of female labor, but be the means of suggesting to women other and newer modes of earning a livelihood. Details of such an exhibition would penetrate the country where any hints as to a diversity of employment for the girls would, I am sure, be thankfully received.

*

Smart little tea jackets for theater wear are indescribably natty, and may be artistically combined with evening skirts after the original bodice has become shabby. I saw one last week made of nasturtium-colored plush over a Figaro vest of fawn satin. The vest was brocaded with gold-colored silk. The short sleeves of the jacket opened over wide, puffed elbow sleeves of the satin. The vest opened at the neck over a chemisette of primrose-tinted gauze. The skirt for which this charming combination was intended was of primrose cashmere.

*

Ball programmes of ivory, in book form, the cover being of gold, are novelties. With a monogram engraved on the cover they make very suitable bridesmaid's presents.

*

I regret to say that "streamers" are coming into vogue. There is nothing either particularly charming or ladylike in the fashion, but many hats, especially Parisian ones, are already finished in this manner. Ribbon hats or toques have crowns made entirely of loops of ribbon. These are extremely pretty when composed of two harmonizing colors.

*

It has occurred to me that there might be room in Toronto for one or two persons who would undertake to design and make over dresses for children. Calling lately on a lady friend of limited means, I could not resist complimenting her on the very picturesque manner in which she dressed her children. "When fall came," said she, "I looked about for something to make into a winter dress for Daisy. Although she is such a little tot, it seemed to me that every available article had been made use of for some of her sisters. A very large-patterned Scotch plaid remnant of about three yards, and a long discarded shawl, alone remained. As it would almost take two people of Daisy's size to show off the goods I was much puzzled how to make it up without causing her to look ridiculous. At last I concluded to kilt pleat the skirt and smock the waist. I made a rounded yoke of smocking. Then beginning below the arms I smocked to the waist-band. The leg of mutton sleeve I also shirred for some distance from the shoulder seam. The shawl, a fancy plaid, combined crimson and brown with a very little pale blue. Taking my cue from an old-fashioned picture in an old-fashioned book, I produced this." She held up a quaint, long-skirted frock. Where the very short waist joined the skirt, small Vandykes of plain crimson cashmere fell over the gathers. Two large puffs on the shoulders were slashed showing a crimson lining. A frill of antique cream lace adorned the neck. "The crimson cashmere," explained my friend, "originally faced the front of an ulster. "Both dresses are lovely," said I, "and you are a genius. Why do you not make designing and contriving a business? There are many mothers who have not your talent for management who would gladly avail themselves of your advice and assistance, I am convinced."

*

I have seen two spring costumes which I admired greatly. One was terra-cotta color, made in a style of severe simplicity, and braided with black. The other was a combination of russet-brown and water-cress green. The petticoat was of green with music-bar stripes of brown. The drapery was of brown, elaborately trimmed with braid, which combined the two colors. The bonnet to be worn with this was of water-cress straw, trimmed with tinted rose leaves and white lilac.

*

Another dress in precisely the same tints and made in the same fashion, had an accompanying bonnet of water-cress straw, trimmed with green and russet ribbons and bouquets of primroses. Gloves of russet shade and boots of tan completed the costumes which are intended for the sister brides at a double wedding which will take place shortly. NUOVA AULA.

Art and Artists.

There is a good deal of loose talk and wrong information floating about regarding the arrangement of affairs in connection with the Art Fair. The arrangements have not been perfected sufficiently yet to admit of giving accurate details of how each part of the fair will be carried on. Everything is being done through the executive committee, which is composed of Mrs. Morrison, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Smith. Mrs. Morrison is taking full control of the entertainment part and stage management.

Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy's tableaux vivants, representing the progress of art in five epochs, it is said, will be the event of the fair. Mrs. Harrison is arranging an old English masque. Mrs. Vernon, as was mentioned several weeks ago, is endeavoring to get together a number of friends capable of treading a stately minuet. There will also be an operetta of which Mrs. Torrance has charge. Now that the ball has been set rolling, and people have become interested, the committee are offered so many good things that they are threatened with a lack of time. The prospects for the complete success of the undertaking are bright—a most gratifying reflection to all who desire the advancement of art in this country.

*

Lord Lansdowne, in a letter to Mr. O'Brien, expresses his desire to pay another visit to Toronto before he departs for India, and as he is the official head of the Assembly, he thought it would be a favorable opportunity to come and open the proceedings on the evening of the 7th of May. The Assembly is composed of members and honorary members of the council. Honorary members are those who pay five dollars per annum, after having been nominated by the President and approved by the council. As anyone who desires the advancement of art can become an honorary member in this way, it would be an excellent opportunity for some of our wealthy citizens to assist the academy in this manner, and would give them a chance to meet His Excellency at the private view of the pictures when he opens the Exhibition. Anyone wishing to do so may communicate with the secretary, Mr. James Smith, 31 Adelaide street east.

*

The Exhibition commences on the 7th May, and the Art Fair on the 16th. This gives an opportunity for a quiet study of the works exhibited before the crush on the 16th.

*

Mr. Fisher, on behalf of the Conservatory of Music, has placed the whole resources of the conservatory at the disposal of the Art Fair committee.

*

ART.

Mysterious force, as beautiful as strange,
And pure with beauty and with mystery,
Queen of the world in wide extent of range
Through every motion of the sky and sea,
And sweet mother of all joy, our Earth,
Whether in moment of her snowy rest,
Or autumn eve, or summer moon, or birth
Of springtime o'er an Alpine mountain's crest,
To touch thy robe is life, but to receive
Thy touch of fiery lip, then pierce with eye
Made clear and strong, and afterwards to weave
With all our heart fair forms that cannot die—
This bliss supernal being ours, Art's own free gift,
Makes life one joy, and dull time keen and swift.
J. W. ICEBOLD.

In Paris there are said to be people who make a living by waking people up in the morning. They must do a rousing business.

A Slugger—The early bird.—*Puck.* You refer to the English sparrer, of course.

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WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

Author of "Parmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOPE TAKES BEN INTO HER CONFIDENCE.

The Applebury school-house, when erected, was painted white, but now the clap-boards as high as the boys could reach were a register of two generations of scholars, smeared with dirt and covered with jackknife engravings illustrative of the slow rise and progress of good taste and education among the children of the village. A number of broken windows and a demoralized fence gave silent evidence that the Applebury school-board were neither of an orderly or æsthetic turn of mind. As Ben stood at the corner of the street on which the school-house stood he could hear the drowsy hum of the children's voices as they repeated the Lord's prayer, a service insisted on night and morning by special order of the very pious trustees. Then the little bell in the cupola above the door gave vent to a noisy, tin-panny clamor, and in another moment three-score children rushed wildly forth, swinging their empty dinner pails, shouting, pushing, knocking and fighting one another with all the boisterous vigor of youth.

For ten minutes longer Ben loitered at the corner waiting for Hope to appear; then he strolled down the street until he was opposite the school-house. He could hear no sound within, and, yielding to a sudden impulse, he turned through the gate and pushed open the half-closed door. With her hands clasped on the desk before her, and her face buried in her arms, Hope sat the picture of loneliness and despair. She had not heard the entry, and Ben felt like quietly slipping away without letting her know he had intruded on her sorrow. Her sobs, and the utter desolation of her attitude suggested to him that now if ever his good offices would be accepted by the proud and persecuted girl. Making more noise than was absolutely necessary, he walked directly up to her desk, while she, endeavoring to dry her eyes and conceal her emotion, received him with a haughty confusion of manner, which to him had more of pathos in it than even her tears.

The shadows of the early winter were already creeping into the bare and dirty school-room, and for a moment she failed to recognize the intruder.

"Don't you remember me, Miss Campton? I'm Ben Jones."

"Yes—yes—indeed," she stammered, "I remember you now. I'm glad to see you."

"I hope you mean that, Miss Campton, for I thought I was in disgrace with you when I left here last summer."

"Oh, hardly that, Mr. Jones," she answered nervously, turning around and taking her hat from the hook beside the blackboard.

"I suppose you hardly recognize in me the stranger who had the pleasure of a walk home with you after that little unpleasantness with Joe Roach last week."

"Why, was that you?" she exclaimed, her face flushing.

"Yes, I came to apologize for having, during the past week, been engaged in what was intended as a harmless and necessary deception, but which, with your high sense of honor, appeared grievous sin."

It matters very little nowadays what my opinion of people may be. As you learned from Joe, people have so much to say about me that I care say nothing about them."

She had thrown a soft warm shawl over her shoulders, and stepping down from the platform intimated by her actions that the interview was over. Ben was not so easily put off. He was determined she should tell him the meaning of the tales he had heard and the despairing sorrow which was overwhelming her.

"I wish to talk to you, Miss Campton, and to tell you something, and in return I want you to show some confidence in me. I am not seeking for your confidence out of any curiosity or desire to wound you but that I may be your friend,—and it seems to me that what you need now is some one who will take a couple days' interest in stopping these confounded stories which I feel sure have not the slightest foundation."

"You are very kind, Mr. Jones, but I assure you I need no assistance," answered Hope proudly as she stopped to lock the school house door.

"It's no use talking any such nonsense to me. A woman who is not yet twenty does not bury her face in her arms and sob like a broken-hearted child unless she has some trouble beyond the ordinary vexations of life. Don't try to dismiss me so abruptly, Miss Campton," continued Ben steadily as he turned down the street with his reluctant companion. "I know the reason of a part if not all your sufferings. You may not be aware of it but my brother Israel heard every word of the proposal of marriage my father made to you and heard as well the infamous innuendo with which he hoped to frighten you into submission."

Ben did not even glance at Hope as he spoke, for he knew his words would discomfort her, and the shame-faced blush and trembling hands so tightly knitted together were unobserved.

"I can't find any connection between what the Deacon alleged to be the misfortune of your birth and the tales people are telling of you. I believe the Deacon lied when he called you what he did, but I have been asking Bessie about the slanders which I have heard about you since I came home, and I find that the Deacon's lie is not the one which the people of Applebury are circulating just now. If what he said was true, no one could blame you, but if what the old women are whispering around their quilting frames, where a reputation hasn't any more chance than chaff before the wind, is not contradicted, your good name must really suffer."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, breathlessly, stopping short and looking sharply into his face.

"I mean that I don't believe you know what people are saying about you," answered Ben, slowly, "and I mean to tell you that you think it is some tale connected with your birth which has made the boys rude and the neighbors avoid you, while it is really some vicious lies which affect your character much more seriously."

"Do you mean to say," she cried, falteringly, "that I have—that—that—people believe I have done something wrong or disgraceful?"

"Yes, I mean to tell you that that is what they say, and Bessie, though she loves you like a sister, has been afraid to tell you; and Israel, poor old fellow, was afraid to try to set things right and wrote to me to come and do it, and that is why I offer to be your friend. When I was home in the summer you didn't believe in me. You disliked me because you thought I hated my father. Now, when you must hate him worse than I do, though you have no more reason to despise him than I have, perhaps you may overlook what turned you against me then. I have always believed in you. That you disapproved of me, perhaps, has made me more eager to serve you and more anxious to prove that I am really worthy of your esteem than I otherwise would have been. A man of the world would be a fool if he could look in your face and believe evil of you. Your goodness, truth and loyalty to those whom you love showed me how good a friend you would be to those whom you deem worthy of your confidence. If you will give me a chance to show that my poor old mother was right when she kissed me and called me 'Bennie' that morning I came back; that she was not mistaken in thinking there was some good left in me, trust me and I will be your friend."

They were standing facing one another in the roadway by the old red farm gate, Hope nervously picking at the corner of her shawl and her downcast eyes filled with tears. For a moment she could not trust her voice to answer him and when she spoke it was sadly uncertain in tone, though her spirit struggled for the mastery.

"If they say I have ever done anything wrong or disgraced myself they tell a cruel, wicked falsehood, and now that you know all that passed between your father and me, I have nothing to tell. I supposed that was all. I trust you, and from my heart I thank you."

As she thanked him she looked up and met that steady mesmeric gaze, so disconcerting to women, without flinching. He held out his hand, and as she placed her ungloved fingers within the warm clasp, it seemed to bring peace and hope to her.

"Miss Campton, you will never regret any confidence you place in me in this matter, and I will not cease till I have followed every rumor to its source. All I want is your friendship and approval. I would have begun my task sooner, only I dare not without your sanction."

"It is strange," said she sadly, "that you should desire my friendship, while the good people of Applebury think it almost indecent to speak to me—"

"If you want Hope to catch her death of cold," cried Bessie, as she swung open the gate, "you had better keep her out here a little longer. Father's away, and for the last ten minutes I have been making the most frantic signals and motions, according to your instructions this morning, for you to come in. I wouldn't have come down now to drag you in, only that I know Hope not enough sense to stand out here in the cold wind." Bessie concluded in an apologetic tone, for as she swung the gate open she saw Ben release Hope's hand, and with a little pang of jealousy which never returned she wondered how long Ben had admired Hope.

"I told you this morning, Bess," explained Ben, as he put his arm affectionately around his sister, "that Miss Campton had a wrong idea as to what was being said about her, and I want you to bear witness right now that I neither believed the first slander nor the second."

"That's so, Ben; you didn't, and I never heard the first story till to-day, and I assure you I never believed the second."

"Oh, Bess, Bess, why didn't you tell me!" cried Hope, tremulously. "You might have known I would never have rested under such a suspicion if I had known what it was. I thought it was the other, and dare not resent it for fear I might only bring more shame on the memory of my parents."

"Don't say another word about it," said Ben, with a joyousness in his voice, which, strangely enough, found echo in Hope's gentle protest.

"As soon as you can," continued Ben, cheerfully; "you may hunt up the history of your father and mother, and get the name of your birth-place and all the facts you have about your family affairs. Just now I'll go up to the hotel, get some supper—"

"Why, stay here to tea, Ben," interrupted Bess, while Hope's bright eyes reflected the invitation.

"—No, Bessie, the Deacon might return—then I will proceed to the residence of Sister Hooper, and that asthmatic old scandal-monger will have to tell me all she knows about the stories she has been circulating."

CHAPTER XXIX.

SISTER HOOPER'S CONFESSION.

Sister Hooper was the wife of an Englishman whose first name was George. She was also the mother of a hulking youth with the same given name. From the infancy of the boy Mr. Hooper had always addressed him as "Jarge," and Sister Hooper had adopted the same pronunciation in speaking both husband and son. They lived in an old-fashioned house with a fire-place in it as big as a pantry and the chill of the December night had induced Mrs. Hooper to insist on a fire, before which she sat with feet and hands extended to the blaze taking solid comfort, when a knock sounded loudly on the kitchen door.

"Jarge, dear (wheeze), see who that kin be (wheeze)."

"Jarge, jr.," lumbered over to the door and admitted Mr. Benjamin Jones who had resumed his grey wig and was masquerading in the *role* of a lawyer.

"Is Mrs. George Hooper within?" he inquired, in an oppressively loud and formal tone.

"Thar' she be," answered George, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb.

Without waiting for an invitation to enter Ben stalked through the door in the most stately manner, placed his hat on the table and taking his gloves, straightened them out and laid them by his glossy tile. Drawing a chair up to the fire and seating himself directly opposite Mrs. Hooper, whose wheezes were coming thick and fast, he placed the points of his fingers and thumbs together, and began in a deep, and we think considerably affected tone, to address the asthmatic matron before him.

"You are Mrs. George Hooper, I believe."

"Yes, sir," she wheezed. Mr. George Hooper, senior, and "Jarge," junior, moved their chairs so that they could better observe the dignified stranger.

"I need hardly tell you, madame, that my legal advice has been solicited and engaged by a young lady employed in the village of Applebury as a school teacher, whose name is Miss Hope Campton."

"Yeh don't say!" wheezed Sister Hooper, with a very perceptible start.

"I am informed, madame, and verily believe, that you have beenrelating, circulating and spreading abroad reports, innuendos and slanders exceedingly damaging to the young lady's good name."

A frightened gasp, which ended in a prolonged wheeze and a hysterical gulp was Mrs. Hooper's only answer. The face of "Jarge," senior, wore anything but a happy expression.

"These reports, innuendos and slanders," continued Ben, with a grandiloquent wave of his hand and a look of such sternness that Mrs. Hooper fairly sunk into herself before his gaze, "have so injured the reputation and feelings of my client that I am safe in saying that the worldly belongings of yourself and husband would not repay her if a jury were to fix the damages in a court of law."

Apoplexy was evidently about to seize upon Mrs. Hooper as she endeavored to plead not guilty. She was interrupted by Ben's imperative gesture as he continued:

"Not a word, madame; I want no argument with you. I have come simply to state the ruinous predicament in which you have involved yourself by that unruly member—your tongue. Miss Campton is already rich, and has no desire to bring ruin on yourself and family, much as your conduct deserves the most unrelenting prosecution and punishment. Before entering into legal proceedings, which are about to be begun, I have been instructed to offer you an opportunity to retract and thoroughly explain the statements you have seen fit to make. Are you prepared to do it, or will you take the consequences of the law?"

As Ben concluded his harangue with a most sonorous stress on the word "law," he threw himself back in his chair, and, inserting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, gazed threatningly at the fat and frightened woman.

"Jarge," senior, resolving to have something to say, rose ciumsily from his chair and stood beside the fire and opposite his wife and Ben. He was a large, heavy man, whose progress from poverty had been slow. Sixty years of toil had made him a competency, but there was nothing so haunted him and made his dreams and imaginings terrible as the fear that by some mischance he might loose his home and go to the "workus" to end his days. He was not a bad-hearted man, and, always fearful of his own future, had never in his life sent a beggar hungry from his door. He had always minded his own business, and, following his Old Country trade of ditcher and grave-digger, had made many an honest dollar draining the lands and preparing the last resting-places of the people of Applebury.

Ben could not help admiring the rugged old man who stood so respectfully before him without a coat or vest, his flannel shirt open, disclosing a big, hairy chest, looking every inch a man as he stretched his brawny arm warningly towards his wife.

"'Ol to'ald thee, old 'ooman, thou'd git I and thine into trooble wi' thy clattering toong. I knowed as that Campton 'ooman had nowt th' matter wi' she, an' I 'ave told thee a doozen toimes t' ho'ald thy toong. Loike enoof," he bellowed, reproachfully, "w'en we're a' sent t' the workus, ye'll learn summat and keep thy nasty toong for beratin' me and Jarge."

Big drops of perspiration rolled down the old man's forehead as this awful catastrophe suggested itself.

"Oh! Jarge," wheezed Sister Hooper, in such a state of collapse that she dared not even look at Ben. "Why, Jarge, I've never sed nuthin'!"

"Doa'nt try tah lie oot o' it, old 'ooman. Everybody knows how much thou't ben sayin' and ther' a'nt noa lyin' oot o't noo."

The old man was almost crying, and the mouth of "Jarge," junior, hung wide open and his eyes were as big as saucers.

"Yes, yeh did, mother—"

"Sha'n oop, brat," roared his father.

Ben not wanting to prolong this painful family scene interrupted, just as the old woman began another wheeze, "I am very glad to see, sir, that you are in no mood to uphold the indefensible conduct of your wife."

"Goa tah bed, booby," roared the old man, making a lunge at his son, who shamfaced off with great reluctance.

"Noa, I doa'nt, tho' I'm noa 'and fer goin' back on ma kin folk, I doa'nt want no trooble o' her fetchin'."

"Well then," said Ben, "if she will make a statement to me of how and why she started these stories, I'll take it down in writing and she can sign it, and I will give her and you a written guarantee that there will be no further prosecution."

"I didn't start nuthin'," wheezed Mrs. Hooper, her fat face looking gray and flabby as she sweated in mortal fear.

"Doa'n deny it, hoozy. Sit oop tah th' table, lawyer, I'll stak ma' life her tells yah th' trooth er I'll mak' she, I will."

After an ink bottle had been fished out of the cupboard drawer and a rusty pen supplied him, Ben proceeded to cross-examine Sister Hooper.

"Now, state to me exactly the origin of the scandal you started about Miss Hope Campton."

"Really, mister (wheeze), I didn't intend nuthin' wrong—"

"Dang it, 'oman, goa on an' tell thy stoory 'ithout mackin' ony more if's an' an's."

"How it all came 'bout, as fer's I kin tell," wheezed Mrs. Hooper, somewhat revived by the belief that a frank confession would relieve her from any further liability, "me an' my husbing was over tech uncle Ab Gaylor's (wheeze) and Bub Gaylor told our Danny 'bout Deacon Jones proposin' teh Hope an' I (wheeze and gulp) ast her 'bout it an' she acted seh queer (wheeze) that I thought thermust be suthin' wrong an' when I press't her 'bout it she (wheeze) got mad an' said suthin' 'bout th' stories goin' round 'bout her, though I had never heard none of 'em (wheeze) up to then. She (gulp) kind 'o hinted thet th' Deacon must hev' told me some tales 'bout her (wheeze) an' I never did nuthin', but jist say that she 'owed teh me thet there was stories 'bout her that was so, (rapid succession of wheezes) an' I never knowed what they w as, an' sa'n my fault thet people guessed she hed been in some man-scrape (wheeze) afore she come here,—fer that's what struck me as bein' th' matter (wheeze) though I never heard nuthin' agin her nor I don't believe now nobody else hez."

Sister Hooper having concluded with a series of excellent attempts at an apoplectic fit "Jarge" brought her a dipperful of water which partially restored her.

"Then you admit starting these stories," demanded Ben sharply, "out of whole cloth."

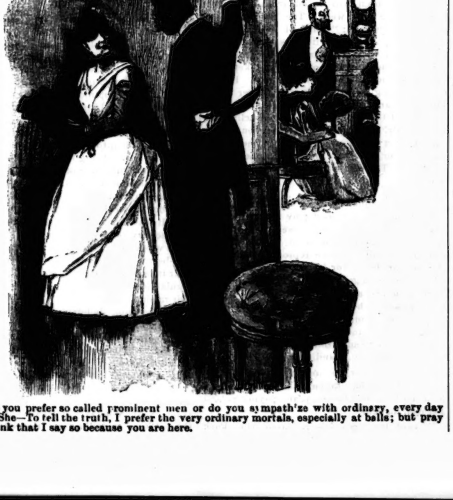
"Well, there ai'nt nuthin' more in it then jist what I tell yeh (sob, gulp and wheeze in succession). I don't know nuthin' wrong 'bout her and I never he'rd nuthin'(strangled wheeze) —only what she 'owed was bein' said, though she never let on what it was."

Ben having drawn up a letter embodying these statements, which was signed by Mrs. Hooper and witnessed by "Jarge," prepared to take his departure.

"Thar' won't be ony moore trooble, will 'ar, lawyer?" inquired "Jarge," uneasily.

"No, my friend, there won't be any more trouble. You have acted the part of a man in this matter, and I can promise you that there will be no legal proceedings. Your wife can thank you for getting out of it as easily as she has, and I hope it will be a warning to her to control her tongue better in future. There is but one stipulation that I wish to make, and that is that you will give me your word that your wife will start out to-morrow morning and tell every one she has been talking to that the story she circulated was a falsehood, though she may let herself down easy by saying she thought it was true."

Things One Would Rather Leave Unsaid.



He—Do you prefer so called prominent men or do you sympath'ze with ordinary, every day beings? She—To tell the truth, I prefer the very ordinary mortals, especially at balls; but pray do not think that I say so because you are here.

"Jarge" extended his big, hard hand to Ben, with the assurance, "I'll see 'e old 'ooman doas th' right thing by th' school-mum, and if she doan't, I'll advertise she in the paipers that I ain't be responsible fer ony o she's debts or th' tailes her tells."

(To be Continued.)

Couples as They Pass.

See! yonder comely youth, his active arms
With needles bedecked,
Escorting in a slipshod kind of way
A pretty maiden.
Often she drops a pearl or two behind
Before he's missed her;
Ah! her relationship is plain—
She is his sister.

And close behind the couple we have seen
Appears another;
A young man with a venerable dame—
Of course, his mother;
For he has with a patronizing air
Her eye enlisted.
And tells her things of which she was aware
Ere he existed.

Another pair, who, walking far apart,
Scorn conversation—
He eyeing everything but her
With admiration;
She, with a weary air and loaded down
With goods he should have carried,
Seems filled with care; alas! the fact is clear—
These two are married!

One couple more: their hands are slyly clasped;
They seem devoted;
The glances of sardonic passers-by
Are all unnoted.
Her eyes—the color of the radiant sky
Within them hovers—
Look fondly into his. Come, let us go.
These two are lovers!

A Grand Duke's Philopena.

About a year ago a Grand Duke of Russia, visiting Paris, chanced to dine in the company of Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter. They got on very well, and at dessert they ate a philopena together—that is to say, shared a double almond. But the duke, when next they met, forgot to say Philopena, and lost the forfeit. He asked the artist what present he should give her, and she replied laughingly, "Any pretty little animal that would do to paint." The duke smiled and departed. Nothing more was heard of him, and the lady had forgotten the whole affair, when quite lately the royal forfeit arrived—to wit, three enormous Polar bears!

Mr. Waldo (at a dinner party)—May I pass you the cheese, Miss Breezy? Miss Breezy (daintily).—Thanks, a small hunk, please.

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A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Mossing Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

WANTED, A YOUNG PERSON.

There was much diligent searching of the advertising columns of the daily papers for several weeks after this. Advertisements, in fact, became the staple literature, and Dolly's zeal in the perusal of them was only to be equalled by her readiness to snatch at the opportunities they presented. No weather was too grewsome for her to confront, and no representation too unpromising for her to be allured by. In the morning she was at Bayswater calling upon the chilling mother of six (four of them boys) whose moral nature needed immediate attention, and who required to be taught the rudiments of French, German and Latin; in the afternoon she was at the general post-office applying to Q. Y. Z., who had the education of two interesting orphans to negotiate for, and who was naturally desirous of doing it as economically as possible; and at night she was at home, writing modest, business-like epistles to every letter in the alphabet in every conceivable or inconceivable part of the country.

"If I had only been born 'a stout youth,' or 'a likely young man,' or 'a respectable middle-aged person,' I should have been 'wanted' a dozen times a day," she would remark, "but as it is, I suppose I must wait until something 'presents itself,' as Rev. Mr. Marmaduke puts it."

And in defiance of various discouraging and dispiriting influences, she waited with a tolerable degree of tranquillity until in the course of time, her patience was rewarded. Sitting by the fire one morning with Tod and a newspaper, her eye was caught by an advertisement which, though it did not hold out any extra inducement, still attracted her attention, so she read it aloud to Aimee and Toinette.

"Wanted, a young person to act as companion to an elderly lady. Apply at the printer's."

"There, Aimee," she commented, "there is another. I suppose I might call myself 'a young person.' Don't you think I had better 'apply at the printer's?'"

"They don't mention terms," said Aimee.

"You would have to leave home," said Toinette.

Dolly folded up the paper and tossed it on to the table with a half sigh. She had thought of that the moment she read the paragraph, and then, very naturally, she had thought of Griffith. It would not be exactly feasible to include him in her arrangements, even is she made any. Elderly ladies who engage "young persons" as companions were not in the habit of taking kindly to miscellaneous young men, consequently the prospect was not a very bright one.

There would be only letter writing left to them, and letters seemed such cold comfort contrasted with everyday meetings. She remembered, too, a certain six months she had spent with her Bilberry charges in Switzerland, when Griffith had nearly been driven mad by her absence and his restless dissatisfaction, and when their letters had only seemed new aids to troublous though unintentional games of cross-purposes. There might be just the same thing to undergo again, but, then, how was it to be avoided? It was impossible to remain idle just at this juncture.

"So it cannot be helped," she said, aloud. "I must take it if I can get it, and I must stay in it until I can find something more pleasant, though I cannot help wishing that matters did not look so unpromising. Tod, you will have to go down, Aunt Dolly's going to be busy enough had and present herself at the printer's in the character of a young person in search of an elderly lady."

Delia were dangerous, she had been taught by experience, so she ran up-stairs at once for her out-door attire, and came down in a few minutes, drawing on her gloves and looking a trifle ruefully at them.

"They are getting discouragingly white at the seams," she said, "and it seems almost impossible to keep them sewed. I shall have to borrow Aimee's muff. What a blessing it is that the weather is so cold!"

At the bottom of the staircase she met Mollie.

"Phemie is in the parlor, Dolly," she announced, "and she wants to see you. I don't believe Lady Augusta knows she is here, either, she looks so dreadfully fluttered."

And when she entered the room, surely enough Phemie jumped up with a nervous bound from a chair immediately behind the door, and, dropping her muff and umbrella and two or three other small articles, caught her in a tremulous embrace, and at once proceeded to bedew her with tears.

"Oh, Dolly!" she panted, pathetically; "I have come to say good-bye; and, oh! what shall I do without you?"

"Good-by!" said Dolly. "Why, Phemie?"

"Switzerland!" sobbed Phemie. "The—the select seminary at Geneva, Dolly, where th-that professor of m-music with the lumpy face was."

"Dear me!" Dolly ejaculated. "You don't mean to say you are going there, Phemie?"

"Yes, I do," answered Euphemia. "Next week, too. And, oh, dear, Dolly!—trying to recover her handkerchief—'if it had been anywhere else I could have borne it, but that'—re-signedly—'was the reason I parted with it.' She found out how I loathed the very thought of it, and then she decided immediately. And don't you remember those small articles, Dolly, who used to walk out like a funeral procession, and how we used to make fun—at least how you used to make fun of the lady principal's best bonnet?"

It will be observed by this that Miss Dorothea Crewe's intercourse with her pupils had not been as strictly in accordance with her position as instructress as it had been friendly. She had even gone so far as to set decorum at defiance, by being at once entertaining and popular, though to her credit it must be said that she had worked hard enough for her modest salary, and had not neglected even the most trivial of her numerous duties.

She began to console poor Euphemia to the best of her ability, but Euphemia refused to be comforted.

"I shall have to take lessons from that lumpy professor, Dolly," she said. "And you know how I used to hate him when he would make love to you. And that was mamma's fault, too, because she would patronise him and call him 'a worthy person.' He was the only man who admired you I ever knew her to encourage, and she wouldn't have encouraged him if he hadn't been so detestable.

"It was very evident that the eldest Miss Bilberry was in a highly rebellious and desperate state of mind. Dolly's daily visits, educational though they were, had been the brightest gleams of sunlight in heretofore-regulated existence. No one had ever dared to joke in the Bilbery mansion but Dolly, and no one but Dolly had ever made the slightest impression be able to Euphemia; and now that Dolly was cut off from them all, and there were to be no more jokes and no more small adventures, life seemed a desert indeed. And then with the calamitous prospect of Switzerland and the lumpy professor before her, Phemie was crushed indeed.

"Mamma doesn't know I came,' she confessed, tearfully, at last; "but I couldn't help it, Dolly; I couldn't go away without asking you to write to me and let me write to you. You will write to me, won't you?"

Dolly promised at once, feeling a trifle affected herself. She had always been fond of Phemie, and inclined to sympathize with her, and now she exerted herself to her utmost to cheer her. She persuaded her to sit down, and after picking up the muff and umbrella and parcels, took a seat by her, and managed to induce her to dry her tears and enter into particulars.

"It will never do for Lady Augusta to see that you have been crying," she said. "Dry your eyes, and tell me all about it, and—wait a minute, I have a box of chocolates here, and I know you like chocolates."

It was a childish and weak enough consolation perhaps, but Dolly knew what she was doing and whom she was dealing with, and that comforting with confections was not without its kindly girlish tact. Chocolates were one of Phemie's numerous school-girl weaknesses, and a weakness so rarely indulged in that she perceptibly brightened when her friend produced the gay-colored, mirror-gilded box. And thus stimulated, she poured forth her sorrows with more coherence and calmness. She was to go to Switzerland, that was settled, and the others were to be placed in various other highly select educational establishments. They were becoming to old now, Lady Augusta had decided to remain in London for the care.

"And then," added Euphemia, half timidly, "you won't be vexed if I tell you, will you?"

"Certainly not," replied Dolly, who knew very well what was coming, though poor Phemie evidently thought she was going to impart an extremely novel and unexpected piece of intelligence. "What is it, Phemie?"

"Well, somehow or other, I don't believe mamma exactly likes you, Dolly."

Now, considering circumstances, this innocent speech really amounted to being a rich sort of thing to say, but Dolly did not laugh; she thought the caricature Lady Augusta for the benefit of her own select circle of friends, but she never made jokes about her before Phemie, however sorely she might be tempted. She had been good enough to a chocolate with perfect sobriety of demeanor.

"Perhaps not," she admitted. "I have thought so myself, Phemie." And then, as soon as possible, changed the subject.

At length Phemie rose to go. As Lady Augusta was under the impression that she was merely taking the dismal daily constitutional, which was one of her unavoidable penances, it would not do to stay too long.

"So, I must go," lamented Phemie; "but Dolly, if you wouldn't mind, I should so like to see the baby. I have never seen him since we called, with mamma—and I am so fond of babies, and he was so pretty."

Dolly laughed, in spite of herself. She remembered their visit so well, and Lady Augusta's loftily resigned air of discovering in the passively degenerate new arrival the culminating point of the family depravity.

"It is much to be regretted," she had said, disapprovingly; "but it is exactly what I foresaw from the first, and you will have to make the best of it."

And then, on Dolly's modestly suggesting that they intended to do so, and were not altogether borne down to the earth by the baleful nature of their calamity, she had openly shuddered.

But Phemie had quite clung to the small nondescript bundle of lawn and flannel, and though she had never seen Tod since, she had by no means forgotten him.

"He will be quite a big boy when I come back," she added. "And I should so like to see him once again with his hair on."

"Oh, you shall see him," said Dolly. "Tod is the one individual in this house who always feels himself prepared to receive visitors. He isn't fastidious about his personal appearance. If you will come into the next room, I dare say we shall find him."

And they did find him. Being desirous of employing, to the greatest advantage, the time spent in retirement with the bosom of his family, he was concentrating his energies upon the mastication of the toe of his slipper upon which task he was bestowing the strictest and most undivided attention, as he sat in the centre of the nursery floor.

"He has got another tooth, Aunt Dolly," announced Toinette, triumphantly as soon as the greetings were over. "Show Aunty Dolly his tooth." And, being laid upon his back on the maternal knee, in the most uncomfortable and objectionable of positions, the tooth was exhibited, as a matter calling forth public rejoicings.

Phemie knelt on the carpet before him, the humblest of his devotees.

"He is prettier than ever," she said. "Do you think he would come to me, Mrs. Crewe?"

And, though the object of the simple admiration at once asserted his prerogatives by openly rejecting her overtures with scorn and wrath, she rejoiced over them as ecstatically as if he had shown himself the most amiable of infant prodigies, which he most emphatically had not, probably having been rendered irascible by the rather crude and inconsiderately displayed interest in his dental improvements. Whatever more exacting people might have thought, Phemie was quite satisfied.

"I wish I was in your place, Dolly," she said in the midst of her farewells, as she was going away. "You seem so happy together here, somehow or other! Oh, dear! You don't know how dreadful our house seems by contrast. If things would break or upset, or look a little natural, or if mamma's caps and dresses just wouldn't look so solid and heavy—

"Ah!" laughed Dolly, "you haven't seen our worst side, Phemie—the shabby side, which means worn shoes and old dresses and bills. We don't get our whistle for nothing in Vagabondia, though, to be sure"—and I won't say a memory of the shabby coat-sleeve did not suggest the amendment—"I don't think we pay too dearly for it; and I believe there is not one of us who would not rather pay for it than live without it."

And when she gave the girl her farewell kiss, it was a very warm one, with a strong touch of pity in it. It was so impossible for her to help feeling sympathy for anyone who was without the Griffith element of existence.

After this she went out herself to apply at the printer's, and applying at the printer's, she was sent to Brabazon Lodge, which was a substantial establishment, in a chilly, aristocratic quarter. An imposing edifice, Brabazon Lodge, built of stone, and most uncompromisingly devoid of superfluous ornament. No mock minarets or unreal castle towers at Brabazon Lodge—a substantial mansion in a substantial garden behind substantial iron gates, and so solid in its appointments that it was quite a task for Dolly to raise the substantial lion's head which formed the front-door knocker.

"Wanted, a young person," she was saying to herself, meekly, when her summons was answered by a man servant, and the fact was, she barely escaped announcing herself as "the young person" herself.

Once inside the house she was not kept waiting. She was ushered into a well-appointed side-room, where a bright fire burned in the grate, and then the man retired to make known her arrival to his mistress, and Dolly settled herself in a chair by the hearth.

"I wonder how many young persons' have been sent away sorrowing this morning," she said, "and I wonder how Griffith will like the idea of my filling the position of companion to an elderly lady, or any other order of lady, for the matter of that? Poor old fellow," and she gave vent to an unmistakable sigh.

But the appearance of the elderly lady put an end to her regrets. The door opened, and she entered just as her luckless young visitor had finished sighing, and Dolly rose to receive her. The next instant, however, she gave a little start, as well she might. She had seen the elderly lady before, and that on a rather memorable occasion, and confronting her now recognized her at once—Miss Beatrice MacDowlas. And that Miss MacDowlas recognized her also was quite evident, for she advanced with the air of one who was not at all at a loss.

"How do you do?" she remarked, succinctly, and actually gave Dolly her hand.

That young person took it modestly.

"I believe I have had the pleasure—" she was beginning, when Miss MacDowlas interrupted her.

"We met me at the Bilberrys," she said. "I remember seeing you very well. You are Dorothea Crewe."

Dolly bowed in her most insinuatingly graceful manner.

"Take a seat," said Miss MacDowlas.

Dolly did so at once.

Miss MacDowlas looked at her with the air of an elderly lady who was not displeased.

"I remember you very well," she repeated. "You were governess there. Why did you leave?"

Dolly scarcely knew very definitely, and told her so. The notice given her had been an unexpected one. Lady Augusta had said it was because her pupils were old enough to be sent from home.

"Oh!" said Miss MacDowlas, and looked at her again from her hat to her questionable shoes.

"Do you fond of reading?" she asked next.

"Yes," answered Dolly.

"You read French well?"

"Yes," said Dolly. She knew she need not hesitate to say that, at least.

"You are good company and are fond of society?"

"I am fond of society," said Dolly, "and I hope I am 'good company.'"

"You don't easily lose patience?"

"It depends upon circumstances," said Dolly.

"You can play and sing?"

"I did both the night I met you," returned the young person.

"So you did," said Miss MacDowlas, and examined her again.

It was rather an odd interview, upon the whole, and it did not end unfortunately. Miss MacDowlas wanted a companion who was quick-witted and amusing, and having seen that Dolly was both on the evening of the Bilberry dash gathering, she had taken a fancy to her. So after a little sharp questioning, she announced her decision. She would employ her to fill the vacant situation at the same rate of salary she had enjoyed in her position of governess to the youthful Bilberrys, and she would employ her at once.

"I want somebody to amuse me," she said, "and I think you can do it. I am often an invalid, and my medical man says the society of a young person will benefit me."

So it was settled that the following week Dolly should take up her abode at Brabazon Lodge and enter into the fulfilment of her duties. She was to read, play, sing, assist in the entertainment of visitors, and otherwise make herself generally useful, and, above all, she was to be amusing.

She left the house, and proceeded homeward in a nondescript sort of mood. She could have laughed, but she was compelled to admit to herself that she could also have cried with equal readiness. She had met with an adventure indeed. She was a young person at large no longer, henceforth she was the property of the elderly dragon she had so often laughed at with Griffith. And yet the dragon had not been so objectionable, after all, upon this occasion, at least. She had been abrupt and uncermonious, but she had been better than Lady Augusta, and she had shown herself illiberal. But there would be no more daily visits from Griffith, no more tete-a-tetes in the shabby parlor, no more sitting by the fire when the rest had left the room, no more furtive and inconsistently long farewells at the front door. It was not pleasant to think about. She actually found herself catching her breath quickly, with a sound half like a little sob.

"He will miss it awfully," she said to herself, holding her muff closely with her small, cold hands, and shutting her eyes to keep away a tear; "but he won't miss it more than I shall. He might live without me perhaps, but I wouldn't live without him. I wonder how the two people cared for each other, as we do, before? And I wonder if the time will ever come—and there she broke off again, and cried as she often did. "Poor old fellow!" she said. "Poor dear, old, patient faithful fellow! how I love you!"

She hurried on briskly after this, but she was wondering all the time what he would say when he found out that they were really to be separated. He would rebel, she knew, and anathemize fate vehemently. But he knew the rest of them would regard it as rather a rich joke that chance should have thrown her into the hands of Miss MacDowlas. They had so often laughed at Griffith's descriptions of her and her letters, given generally when he had been galled into a caustic mood by the arrival of one of the latter epistles.

Reaching Bloomsbury Place, Dolly found her lover there. He had dropped in on his way to his lodgings, and was awaiting her in a fever of expectation, having heard the news from Aimee.

"What is this Aimee has been telling me?" he cried, the moment she entered the room. "You can't be in earnest, Doll! You can't leave home altogether, you know."

She tossed her muff on the table and sat down on one of the low chairs, with her feet on the feuder.

"I thought so until this morning," she said, a trifle mournfully; "but it can't be helped. The fact is it is all settled now. I am an engaged young person."

"Settled!" exclaimed Griffith, indignantly. "Engaged! Dolly, I didn't think you would have done it."

"I couldn't help doing it," said Dolly, her spirits by no means rising as she spoke. "How could I?"

But he would not be consoled by any such cold comfort. Somehow or other he had regarded the possibility of her leaving the house altogether as something not likely to be thought of. Very naturally he was of the opinion that Dolly was as absolute a necessity to everyone else as she was to himself. What should he do without her? How could he exist? It was unreasoning insanity to talk about it. He was so roused by his subject, indeed, that, considering them being absolutely opposite in temperament, they wandered off into something very like a little quarrel about it; he goaded to lover-like madness by the idea that she could live without him; she goading her low spirits culminate in a touch of anger at his hot-headed affectionate obstinacy.

"But it is not to be expected," he broke out at last, without any reason whatever, "it is not to be expected that you can contend against everything. You are tired of disappointment, and I don't blame you. I don't blame a selfish doit if I did. If Gowan had been in my place he could have married you, and have given you a home of your own. I never shall be able to do that. But," with great weakness and evidence of tribulation at the thought, "I didn't think you would be so cool about it, Dolly."

"Cool!" cried Dolly, waxing wroth and penitent both at once, as usual. "Who is cool? not I, that is certain. I shall miss you every hour of my life, Griffith." And the sad little shadow on her face was such a real one that he was pacified at once.

"I am an unreasonable simpleton!" was his next remorseful outburst.

"You have said that before," said Dolly, rather hard-heartedly; but in spite of it she did not refuse to let him be as affectionate as he chose when he knelt down by her chair, as he did the next minute.

"It would be a great deal better for me," she half whispered, breaking the suspicious silence that followed. "It would be a great deal better for me if I did not care for you half so much: and yet at the same time she leaned a trifle more toward him in the most traitorous of half-coaxing, half-reproachful ways.

"It would be the death of me," said Griffith, and he at once plunged into a eloquently persuasive dissertation upon the height, and depth, and breadth, and force of his love for her. He was prone to such dissertations, and always ready with one to improve any occasion; and I am compelled to admit that, far from checking him, Dolly rather liked them, and was prone to encourage and incite him to their delivery, even by artful means and deeply-laid plans.

When this one was ended he was quite in the frame of mind to listen to reason, and let her enter into particulars concerning her morning's efforts, which she did, at length, with her usual vivid power of description, only adding a flavor of the mysterious up to the introduction of Miss MacDowlas.

"What!" cried out Griffith, when she let out the secret. "Confound it! No! Not Aunt MacDowlas in the flesh, Dolly! You are joking."

"No," answered Dolly, shaking her head at the amazed faces of the girls who had come in during the recital, and who had been guilty of the impropriety of always falling into one when the climax was reached. "I am in earnest. I am engaged as companion to no less a person than Miss Beatrice MacDowlas."

"Why it is like something out of a three-volumed novel," said Mollie.

"It is a good joke," said Toinette.

"It is very awkward," commented Aimee. "If she finds out you are engaged to Griffith, she will think it so indiscreet of you both that she will cut him off with a shilling."

"Indiscreet!" echoed Dolly. "So we are indiscreet, my sage young friend—but indiscretions have varied in the spice of life."

And by this brisk speech she managed to sweep away the shadow which had touched Griffith's face, at the unconscious hint at their lack of wisdom.

"Don't say such a thing again," she said to Aimee afterward, when they were talking the matter over, as they always talked over everything together, "or he will fancy that you share his own belief that he has something to reproach himself with. Better to be indiscreet than to love one another less."

"A great deal better," commented the wise one of the family, thoughtfully; and she was nineteen yet, this wise one, but she was a great comfort and help to Dolly, and indeed to all of them. "And it isn't my way to blame you, either, Dolly, though things do look so entangled. I never advised you to give it up, you know."

"Give it up," cried Dolly, a soft, pathetic warmth and light and color rising to her face and eyes. "Give it up! There was no question of what has past and what is to come to give up with it. Give it up! I wouldn't if I could, and the truth is that I couldn't if I would.'

(To be Continued.)

A Chance for the Old Man.

Billy Button was singing a love song one night,
For a house where an old man was dozing;
When a passer-by stopped, and, with good natured chaff,
Billy's musical efforts derided.

"Your girl don't live there," said this man with a laugh,
"Or she would not be so confiding."
"I know it," said Bill, "I'm not singing to her,
I'm giving the old man a chanty."

Bringing up Children Rationally.

It is as natural to a child to be happy as it is to a fish to swim. But for this they need a certain amount of letting alone. It is a great mistake for parents to hamper their children with foolish restrictions. We pity the little B's, our next-door neighbor's children, from the bottom of our heart. There is a picket fence in front of the house, and they are scarcely allowed to go near it, lest they should climb and hurt themselves. They cannot climb a tree, for the same reason. They may not swim or swim, or have a gun. The consequence of this training is that their parents have made cowards of them. Not so with the exception of little Bessie, who is the most daring little mischief that ever wore a sun-bonnet, and she has deserted her dolls and plays all her mad pranks well out of sight of her parents' eyes. We caught her the other day walking the railing of a bridge that crossed the track of a railroad a hundred feet below. She fell and got a foot wide, and she triumphantly told us that she had walked it while the train was passing under. It was enough to make one shudder.

Don't fancy your boy is made of glass. Grant a reasonable request, and ask him feel that when you refuse, it is for his own good. Between the Jellybys and the Gradgrinds of life, children have a hard time of it. The youngest child needs some sort of agreeable occupation, and a certain amount of physical freedom. There is nothing more painful to young people than to feel that life is one dull routine, and that "nothing ever happens," as we once heard a disconsolate lad remark.

Elementary.

A man named Spunk has just married a western girl named Spink. How they have twisted it up, to be sure! Past tense spink; present tense spunk; future tense spank.

Feminine Courage.

Woman in her "hours of ease" may be a very timid creature, but when an emergency arises she often displays courage of a genuine quality. It is said that when the steamship Oregon went down, a lady, seeing that those about her were giving way to terror, exclaimed, in a calm tone, "I am in no hurry to leave the ship; I will wait for all the timid women."

Then, seeing that the panic was spreading among the masculine portion of the company, she added, in tones slightly tinged with scorn; "I said I would wait for the timid women; I will also wait for the timid men."

The story may be a clever fiction, but it is one of those which might easily have been true.

When the French steamer La Champagne was recently run down by another boat, and so injured that she was in a sinking condition, the Italian steerage passengers were panic-stricken, but those of the first-class, many of whom were women, displayed wonderful courage. They were rescued by the English steamer Vulture, and one young American girl set a heroic example.

She refused to put on a life-preserver, and said, "Some poor girl among the emigrants may need it more than I do. Then all the American young ladies refused to go into the boats until the rest of the women, whether emigrants or not, had been placed in safety on board the Vulture.

If You Were Here.

If you were here, how pleasant life would be;
How sweet the twilight of the closing year;
The fire, how warm and bright, my heart how free,
If you were here!

What'er befell, I would not shed a tear,
So I might spend my life in ministry
On you, whom death has made so pensive dear.

Do you e'er mourn the past, and think of me?
Alas! I would not need my heart to cheer
With hopes forlorn—far from dark dreams to flee,
If you were here!

Amateur Theatricals in New York.

Society in New York has at length got a home where it can enjoy private theatricals. The new Berkeley Lyceum on West 44th street, near Fifth Avenue, is described as being a perfect gem in every particular. The opening entertainment recently was attended by some five hundred plebeian people, including the stockholders and their friends. In elegance of decoration and harmony of color, and completeness of appointments, the auditorium and stage rivals any of the best theatres. The aisles are broad, the carpets of a dark pattern are rich, and present an exquisitely artistic contrast to the brilliant crimson draperies and delicate blue and gold decorations of the walls. The acoustics are, apparently, flawless, every whisper of the speeches being distinctly audible even in the farthest part of the balcony. The theatre is the outcome of an arrangement between a leading athletic club and a society of amateurs, including many of New York's leading society people; the ideas being to have a place which would be strictly private and thus do away with the idea of appearing on the boards of a regular stage—an idea so distasteful to many who have a decided taste for amateur theatricals.

SOLID COMFORT.

HOW TO GET IT.

As I'm sitting by the fireside
My thoughts are drawn to backward wander
'Tis not so very long ago
That time on which I ponder,
A year ago—or thereabouts—things were,
I had no fireside of my own
Was broken down and in despair,
A stranger friendless and alone.

Although so very short a time
I now can look around
On every comfort, all my own.
As nice a home as could be found,
A handsome stove and carpets rich
On parlor floor and chamber,
Splendid pictures, hanging lamps,
Extension table, easy chairs.

And on the hall tree over there
Clothing thick and warm I see,
A fur trimmed coat with cap to match
And all belonging to me.
In fact I have just all I want,
House furnished well right through
And if you want to get the same
I'll tell you what to do.

There's many to-day without a home,
Although this need not be,
You all can get one of your own
If you but do the same as we.
Walker, the Home Furnisher,
Offers to you, one and all,
A home complete, and winter clothing
On Weekly Payments that are small.

Why go into furnished rooms when you can get all that is necessary to start house with for a very small outlay. Money can be saved by taking advantage of our instalment plan. Get all you want at one time, and pay for it afterwards, by weekly or monthly payments. House furnishings of every description and first-class ready-made clothing can be had in this way at ordinary cash prices.

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

Something About Pianos.

Now that every one has a musical instrument of some kind in their house it is interesting to know that the Canadian pioneer in this business was R. S. Williams, Esq., of this city who in 1849 established a business in Toronto and for nearly ten years had no competitor in what was then Upper Canada. During this time nearly eleven thousand instruments were manufactured and sold, and in the three decades which have elapsed since then these instruments have been a standing advertisement of the workmanship and durability of everything that bears the name of R. S. Williams. For the last fifteen years the entire energy of the concern has been devoted to the manufacture of first-class pianos, and Mr. Williams the other day told the representative of SATURDAY NIGHT that he is continually receiving letters from all parts of the United States, and sometimes from Europe, asking for small parts of the instruments he

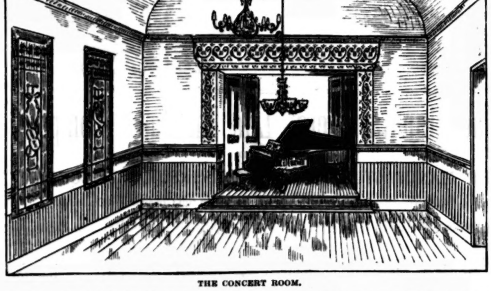
FRONT OF THE WAREROOMS.

made nearly forty years ago and in many instances desiring to open communication with him in order to buy a piano of the same make as the melodeon which was once almost the height of the ordinary ambition in this country.

It is not strange that a manufacturer so well advertised should have grown in prosperity and his business increased in volume year by year until now he has the most magnificent piano warerooms in Canada, one of the largest factories, and has achieved an excellence in the manufacture of pianos which, large as is the output of his extensive factory, is still insufficient to supply the demand.

It speaks well for the progress of Canadian manufactures that the Williams piano is every day in successful competition with American makes, and is rapidly displacing them in the best drawing-rooms and for concert purposes. No one who has heard their Concert Grand piano at the principal concerts at the Pavilion can doubt for a moment its superiority to the majority of imported instruments. Indeed, many good judges have expressed the opinion that it has never been excelled in volume and quality of tone by any instrument ever heard at a Toronto concert. No better evidence of the popularity of the Williams piano can be urged than that the leading musicians of Toronto have them in their music-room—Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mr. E. R. Doward, Prof. Farringer, Prof. Bohner, Prof. Haslam among many others, have long used the Williams piano.

The sales and warerooms, No. 143 Yonge street, are marvels of good taste and architectural beauty. On each side of the main entrance



THE CONCERT ROOM.

are the two largest sheets of bent plate glass in Canada, forming the front of an exterior hallway which leads to a show room 195 feet long, the floor of which is of polished maple, surmounted by a deep dado of chestnut and a rich paneling of solid mouldings, surmounted in various parts by large mirrors. On passing to the left through the wide entrance, ornamented with cast plaster work, one enters an open concert room of admirable proportions and excellent acoustic properties. The quarter dome ceiling is completed by heavy panels with plaster work and a large stained glass skylight. In this room, in which are the "Grand" pianos, well worthy the examination of music-lovers, a lady pianist, who is really an artistic musician, is always ready to entertain the visitor. The main stair-case, of large, handsome proportions, starts about the middle of the ground floor, immediately under an elliptic decorated arch and leads into an upper hall, from which there is access to another spacious show-room and parlor show-room and manager's office, while a second staircase, in continuation of the first, leads to eight practice rooms, an arrangement which will doubtless be found exceedingly convenient by many who desire to take their lessons away from home. In the rear of the building is a large store and packing house three stories high, fitted with an elevator and other conveniences for the large shipping trade of the firm, and below runs an immense cellar underneath the whole structure, affording ample storage accommodation besides containing the steam apparatus for heating the whole establishment.

Nor is the confidence of the public in this firm, which has made their pianos a household word from Halifax to Victoria, to be wondered at when it is known that Messrs. Williams & Son, as owners of their own buildings, and being their own bankers, hold all their customers' contracts in their own safe, take no notes collateral to the contracts and so save buyers all the trouble and annoyance of having their paper in the hands of banks. To the shrewd business sagacity, careful management, honorable dealing and strict integrity of Mr. Williams, this is a splendid testimony.

So greatly has the business increased that the extensive mechanical facilities have again been increased till, as most of our readers know well, the large buildings on Hayter street assumed their present proportions. For the information of any to whose attention it has not been brought, it may not be amiss to state that the main building is a brick factory of 150 feet frontage on Hayter street, six stories high, while the lumber yard attached runs back to Gerrard street. This is always filled to its extreme capacity with piles of lumber of various kinds, undergoing a lengthened process of air drying before being subjected to steam heat in the dry kilns, which contain 100,000 feet at a time. When sufficiently seasoned here it is cut up by powerful machinery into endless shapes, and stacked in the various flats of the factory for months again before being used. It will be seen, therefore, that it is an impossibility for any defect to arise from the use of any imperfectly seasoned wood. The machine-room is equipped with the latest and most improved woodworking machinery, selected from the leading manufacturers in Canada and the United States, driven by a sixty h.p. Corliss engine and boiler, which also supply steam for the miles of piping needed to heat the whole establishment. The factory is unique, from the fact that the iron plates are japanned, bronzed and drilled, the keys made and all the carved work done in the one building, and a walk through its spacious flats among the numerous skilled workmen employed by the firm would not only repay the curiosity of all who can appreciate good work, but would convince the most skeptical that here, if anywhere, pains are taken to produce instruments which shall carry their own recommendation with them and shall prove in power and quality of tone, and in all the essentials which go to make a fine piano, that they may be placed side by side with the productions of the most celebrated makers in the world. Mr. Robert Williams, the junior member of the firm, has the entire superintendence of the factory, and by his practical knowledge of every detail of his complicated business, his accomplished musical taste as a performer on the piano, and his genial manner of conducting the work of so large a staff of employes, has proved his eminent fitness to uphold the reputation of the firm and to increase its already extensive connection.

It has already been said that Canada had produced pianos which could stand a comparison with the productions of the oldest and most celebrated makers in Europe and America, and that the house of R. S. Williams & Son stands eminent for the extent of its business, the completeness of its resources, and the high quality of the instruments it manufactures. This success Mr. Williams ascribes to the adaptation of the old adage, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," to the business-like motto "Eternal vigilance in seeing and buying the best and latest improvements is necessary to the production of a first-class piano." "Old makers," said he to SATURDAY NIGHT, "whose name on a piano was once enough to sell it, have departed from their high standard, not because they make any worse piano than they used to but because they have not kept up with the times. I have always been careful to let nothing escape me. If I ever heard of a patent or improvement I was never satisfied till I saw it, and, if it proved good, I bought it. The advantage of being a practical man was always on my side and enabled me to judge what was good and what was useless. The failure to achieve success on the part of many makers arises from a lack of practical knowledge which leads them to spend money for worthless things while reliable improvements are let go past their doors. I have always guarded against getting into old fogy habits," concluded he with a smile, "as so many men who have been long in business are apt to."

Mr. Williams certainly doesn't look like an "old fogy." He is young looking and as active as ever, though he has been in the business forty years and his success and energy indicates that R. S. Williams & Son will not be forgotten forty years hence.

The firm has a branch establishment at 229 Dundas street, London, under the management of Mr. A. Regan, whose whole business life is associated with the house; and, in addition, Messrs. Williams & Son are represented by local agents in all the important cities of the Dominion.

The Old Church Must Go.

For Saturday Night.

Argument—"Our best people live north, none but the poor remain; the old church must go."

Dedicated to the numerous down town churches which have been abandoned.

Never more shall I stand in yon dim shadow'd aisle,
Where the voices, now hush'd, fill'd with rapture my heart;
Oh! 'twas humble, I know, yet that time-honored pile
Can emotion awake, and the burning tear start.
Nor pillar of Corinth, nor white of Carrara
Lent their charms to the scene where bright angels have trod;
They, whose vision was clearer, whose pathway was nearer
From the byways of earth to the mansions of God.

All around it now gather the gloom and the shadows,
And the Babel of Dross rears its columns on high,
Where the echoes once gave to the fair upland meadows,
The lowing of kine and the whip-poor-will's cry.
Gone! gone! the old friends, yet, methinks, once again
There come to mine ears, through the dark city's gloom
Loved accents of those, on whose cold lips have lain
The silence of death, and the hush of the tomb.

Old church! thou art doom'd! all thine honor undone—
The storm-rack has pass'd, and thy travail is o'er;
Rend, O lever! to base from the battlement stone
That the hearts, which have known it, shall know it no more;
For the fashion has chang'd; statelier piles must be rear'd
Nigh the mansions of wealth in some well favor'd spot;
The old race has gone whom those walls have endeared,
And the halo of mem'ry encircles it not.

Hark! the legions of darkness have gather'd in hate;
The garrison sleeps, while the foe presses on,
Soon the Father in Israel shall learn—ah! too late!
When the watch tower's deserted—the stronghold is won.
But the old church must go! "That sweet story of old,"
And the songs of old Zion are heard no more there;
For each lover of lust, and the Mammon of gold,
Hath his seat on the altar once hallow'd by Prayer.

H. K. COCKIN.

Mr. Vanderbilt's Haunted Castle.

Mr. Vanderbilt not long ago leased the famous castle of Lindenfels, the favorite residence of the late King Louis II of Bavaria. About a month ago the lease was dissolved, by mutual consent of the contracting parties, that is to say, Mr. Vanderbilt and the executors of the poor crazy king.

The immediate cause of this sudden change of front was Mrs. Vanderbilt. She and her husband desiring, probably, to find out how it felt to sleep in a royal castle, though it was the depth of winter, made an excursion to their Schloss intending to remain only a couple of days. Of course they took a couple of servants with them, engaging the remainder among the Bavarians in the neighborhood. It did not take Mr. Vanderbilt long to find out that most of the people in the vicinity looked upon him with the bitterest feelings of hatred. He was regarded as a usurper who had come to desecrate a monument sacred to the happiest years of their late king, who was as dearly beloved as the present Regent Luitpold is hated—the popular impression throughout Bavaria being that Luitpold caused the death of their king. All this Mr. Vanderbilt had to confront.

At night Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt occupied the blue room, the one most frequently slept in by the king. It is a palatial apartment, decorated throughout in the Louis XIV style, and full of mementoes of that sovereign whom Ludwig himself had such a deep reverence for. Having retired, and the lights all being out in the castle, strange noises began to be heard. These alarmed Mrs. Vanderbilt, who insisted upon her husband getting up and looking about. Mr. Vanderbilt, greatly deploring the absence of a thirty-two calibre American revolver, did so, and discovered nothing, of course. He endeavored to reassure his wife, but the strangeness, not to say weirdness of the surroundings, had thoroughly upset her, and she had little sleep that night. The next morning Mr. Vanderbilt, quite confident that it was all some practical joke of the Bavarians, made an investigation, but could discover nothing. They spent the day in looking over the palace, and that night again retired early. Soon after the same sounds which had so disturbed them the night before began again. Thoroughly unnerved this time Mrs. Vanderbilt declared that, ghosts or no ghosts, enemies or no enemies, nothing could induce her to remain in the place another day. So the next morning off they started for the Bavarian capital.

Mr. Vanderbilt found no difficulty in getting rid of his lease. There had been already a great popular clamor over the fact of an American being permitted to occupy a royal castle hallowed by so many memories of a beloved king, and the executors were only too glad to take the property back. It will now be made part of the state property. There is no doubt that this incident has greatly hastened the return of Mr. and Mrs Vanderbilt to this country. Mrs. Vanderbilt believes that had they persisted in remaining at Lindenfels the hostility of the peasants was so great that they would have been murdered. The fact that neither her husband or herself could speak the language of the country would have made their stay there very unpleasant anyway. At any rate they are convinced that royal castles are not in their line.

Chauncey M. Depew the other morning found his coachman's children playing about, and he introduced himself. "Well, my little man, and do you know who I am?" Boy—"Yes; you're the man as rides in father's carriage."

Clips.

The coal barons are not satisfied with having the earth; they want to peddle it out to the people at the rate of 200 or 300 per cent.

The Prince of Monaco is almost entirely blind, which of course prevents him from seeing the misery caused by his gaming tables.

It is a lamentable fact that when thieves fall out they do not fall from an open seventh story window.

"What is your idea of a true gentleman, Jack?" "A true gentleman always laughs at the joke of a story and never say he heard it before."

A brother in prayer meeting in a neighboring town, the other night, prayed for the absent who were prostrated on beds of sickness and sofas of wellness.

Mrs. Langtry's luck always was bad. She has struck a silver mine on her western place when a gold mine might have been struck for the same money.

It is a great consolation for the man who is referred to in a newspaper as "an obscure poet" to remember that he shares the indistinction with Robert Browning.

A little girl, nine years old, having attended a soiree, being asked by her mother on returning how she enjoyed herself, answered: "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

Mrs. Knickerbocker (showing some art treasures to Mrs. Newrich)—This is a Schreyer, as you see—a recent addition. And this is the arms of our family painted on vellum.

Mrs. Newrich—How exceedingly pretty! Your own design?

Two Virginia editors punctuated their editorials with bullets. One of them came to a full stop, and the other was so badly wounded that it is thought the period of his existence is near at hand.

Irate Stranger—Here, waiter! what do you mean by bringing me such stale bread? It is so tough I can't even bend it!

Harvard Customer (quietly).—Try the butter on it, my friend; that's strong enough to break it.

Love's dark eclipse.

Miss Heavywate (poetically to her fiance)—Oh! Charlie. I wish you had the wings of a dove and we could fly away together.

Chaff—Well, Dolly, considering your weight, I think the wings of an ostrich would be better.

The marriage is off, of course.

"Bloody" is a favorite adjective with the English people, and comes in so easily that the story is told that when once a clergyman was consoling a bereaved mother for the loss of her infant boy, by assuring her that he was in a better land and out of the care and worry of this vale of tears, she said: "Oh, yes, sir; I s'pose 'e's a bloody little hangel now. I 'opes as 'ow 'e is."

The aspirant for poetic honors whose effusions are flung into the waste basket is apt to feel that his lines have not fallen in pleasant places.

"Haverstraw! Haverstraw!" vociferated the brakeman as the train drew up at a New York station.

"Certainly! With a sherry cobbler at the end of it!" shouted back the man in the rear seat.

Boston tribulation.

Porkington—Dreadful news from Europe, isn't it?

Beanley—It is a pity about the poor old Emperor.

Porkington—What Emperor?

Beanley—The Emperor of Germany.

Porkington—Why, what has he been doing?

Beanley—He's dead.

Porkington (gloomily)—Well, John L. might as well be.

A Disgusted Pig.

"Patrick, you were on a bad spree yesterday."

"Yis, Mr. Ellis, I was. Bless me, if I were n't alayin' in the gutter wid a pig. Father Ryan came along, looked at me an' says, says he, 'One is known by the company he kapes.'"

"And did you get up, Patrick?"

"No, but the pig did.'

JAS. COX & SON

83 Yonge Street

PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

MISS HARRITA L. CHENEY

(Finished under Mrs. Long of Boston, and Soloist in Henry Ward Beecher's church, find late o New York.)

Teacher of Voice Culture

has organized a class and will take private pupils, apply at R. S. Williams & Co.'s piano rooms, Yonge Street.

MISS CHENEY will accept concert engagements, or as soprano soloist in a choir.

DINEEN'S HATS

We have had our

GREAT HAT OPENING

When 50 cases of Fashionable Hats were offered for inspection. All the celebrated English makes were shown: Heath's, Christy's, Woodrow's and Carrington's. American manufacturers were represented by the

Dunlap Hat of New York

For which we are the sole agents. Besides all these we take an extra pleasure in recommending to our friends

THE DINEEN HAT

In Three Qualties, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50

Made for us in New York from special directions based on our knowledge of Toronto trade. Call and see it.

W. & D. DINEEN

COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

DRESS SHIRTS

EVENING GLOVES

EVENING TIES

Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.

Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.

Evening Ties all kinds.

WHEATON & CO.

17 KING STREET WEST

COR. JORDAN.

MY VISITORS

Long, long years ago I bade a good bye
To a friend of my youth, so tender and true,
As I waved at the doorway a final farewell
She said don't forget me, I never can you.

The years have fled fast, and I'm an old man,
But my friend say I carry my years pretty well
I have changed with the moon, but where the change lies
The nearest and dearest are not able to tell.

There's the door bell again! I wonder who comes!
Why it's my Annie Moore, just the same as of old,
That same patient face, that wealth of brown hair,
Well, well, she's like me, the years havn't told.

There's my hand, sweetest Annie. Here is mine dearest James,
I told you I'd never forget the loved past,
But I guess from your eyes we have some one to thank
For keeping the "black and the brown" till the last.

Yes, Dorenwend's Magic has kept youth from decay
Our locks have not faded, we still wear the crown
Of beautiful hair, the endowment of youth,
Here's to Dorenwend, then, from the "black and the brown."

Every lady and gentleman by carefully following the directions can preserve the natural color of the hair for many years. If the hair is falling or failing secure a bottle of Dr. Dorenwend's Celebrated Hair Magic and apply according to instructions. Dandruff and tender scalp is quickly relieved. Sold by all druggists.

$1 Per Bottle or Six Bottles for $5

A. DORENWEND, Manufacturer

PARIS HAIR WORKS,

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FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE YATISI CORSET

Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.

The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.

The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.

The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have she money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.

Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped and no other is genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

Music.

What a powerful factor the scoop is! I do not mean the newspaper scoop, though that is not without its force, as the luckless reporter who has missed one finds out when the heavy heel of a merciless city editor comes down on him. I refer to the vocal scoop, that beautiful process by which vocalists sing an inapproachable chromatic scale before each note they utter. I can remember the time when the scoop was a rarity among the singers we heard. Alas! for the fall of our art! The scoop now rears its hydra head at every concert, and appals us. We sit in fear and trembling, because at the last supreme moment the vocal artist, who so dearly loves it, lingers over it affectionately as if loth to part with it, and we are afraid that she will never reach the ultimate point, the note she was going to sing. However, she pulls herself together, shakes off the glamour of her sweet dream, and finds the note. Or, as happens just as frequently, she misses it by the finest fraction, just enough to set our teeth on edge, and good-bye to the key——.

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She wanders along, hanging on by her eyelids, just that fraction flat and shouts down her accompaniment until the little interlude which must come sooner or later, happily restores the original key to our senses. To find the scoop in its glory, where quantity adds dignity to quality, you must visit a large chorus practice or an ordinary choir practice. There the scoop just runs riot. It is most creditable to the conductors of our societies, that they extinguish the scoop by the time the concert comes around, and leave it to the more gifted soloists to give it to the public in all its unctuous ugliness. The scoop habit is the outcome of mere indolence on the part of the singer and her teacher, and I verily believe it destroys the life of more voices than any other habit. The *World* lately started to nubish a list of M. P.'s who do not accept railway passes. The list was small, but I believe a list of non-scoopers among our singers would be smaller still.

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The other evening I passed a ladies' school and heard the sweet young things at their devotions in chapel. In the hymns that they sang, every note was scooped. How comforting it must be to a parent to feel assured that his daughters will, in addition to other ladylike accomplishments, fully master the art of scooping! If this habit passes current under the very eyes and ears of governesses, may we not presume that other subjects of study will be treated in just as slovenly a manner? The remedy is simple and instantaneous, and every singing teacher who knows his or her business, could stop the offensive habit in two or three lessons. They may not be able to make all pupils great or even good singers, but they can certainly make them sing clearly.

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Several minor musical events are to be chronicled for the latter part of last week. Among these was the service of praise at the church of the Redeemer, this being the sixth of the season. The choir sang very well, with more than its usual precision, though one or two breaks were noticeable in the Hear my Prayer. Miss Hillary sang the beautiful solo in this work in most pathetic style, and the other visitor, Mrs. Nicholson, who, as Miss Berryman, was for many years the soloist of the choir, did herself equal justice in Dick's Paradise. In her duet, I Waited for the Lord, with Miss Langstaff, she appeared to still better advantage, and was ably assisted by the latter lady. Mr. Schuch's rendering of Faure's Palms was impressive. The evening's programme was much enhanced by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison's organ playing, which was characterized by dignity, a fine resource of registration, and a beautiful, clear technique. Mr. Fairclough's accompaniments were particularly well played.

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On Thursday evening of the same week a very successful concert was given in Wesley church, Dundas street, which was largely attended. Mrs. James Baxter and Mrs. Henry Leach were the principal attractions, being warmly applauded. On the same evening the A.O U.W. people of North Toronto gave a concert in St. Paul's hall, which was crowded to the doors. Miss Langstaff sang, Come to my Heart, and the Old Lock, in very pleasing style. Mrs. Cheesman, another talented resident of North Toronto, sang I'll Tell Him I Love Him So, and won warm plaudits. Of the gentlemen Mr. Ramsay was notably the favorite, as his comic songs always please. No less deserving were Mr. Gorrie and Mr. Blight, both of whom sang at their best. Mr. Arlidge's welcome flute solos and Mrs. Blight's excellent accompaniments must also come in for their word of praise.

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I must not forget the excellent organ recital and concert which celebrated the opening of the organ in the handsome new church of the St. Paul's Methodist congregation on Wednesday, 22nd. Mr. F. H. Torrington was more than usually brilliant in his organ solos. His principal numbers were an Andante, by Hayden, the March of the Israelites from Eli, and the Hallelujah Chorus from the Messiah. Solos were sung by Mr. A. Curren, who sang most effectually the O God have Mercy, from St. Paul, and by Miss Fowler, who sang Show Me Thy Ways, and Saviour, Hear Me, by Millard, in which her fresh, well-trained voice showed to great advantage.

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On Tuesday evening of this week Mr. Haslam entered the ranks of the choir masters who are endeavoring to introduce special musical features into their services. As might be expected from this gentleman's attainments, this service was an excellent one. A large choir, numbering upwards of seventy voices, sang Stainer's new cantata, The Crucifixion. The work is not ambitious, is indeed commonplace in parts, and suffers from a rather wearisome succession of recitatives and solos, but is still well adapted for a special Lenten service of this kind. The choruses were exceedingly well sung by the choir, especially the Fling Wide the Gates and the unaccompanied God So Loved the World. The closing chorus was cut, and was wavering in places. Exception may be taken to Mr. Haslam's slackening of tempo in the Processional March and the recitative, When Jesus Saw. The hymns were wisely omitted, as their length and unfamiliarity would have made them troublesome to the congregation, which, by the way, was an exceedingly large one, considering the wretched weather. The choir was in great form, and with the exception of the last chorus, as mentioned, sang with splendid promptness and decision. Mr. J. F. Thomson sang brilliantly, and was well assisted by Mr. J. J. Jerome. These two gentlemen are a tower of strength to a choir. Mr. Gorrie sang his solos very creditably, although he made one or two slips in his notes. Mr. Grahame Thompson and two other soloists also sang their parts very expressively. The service closed with the Inflammatus from Rossini's Stabat Mater, the solo of which was sung by Mrs. Agnes Thomson with splendid dash and certainty.

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Several sacred concerts took place on Good Friday evening, too late for mention in this week's issue. The Vocal society is hard at work at the programme for its coming concert which will take place early in May. Its efforts will comprise Judge Me O God, All is Still, The Merry World is Free, In this Hour of Softened Splendor, Rise! Sleep No More, The Lost Chord, Resurgam, The Chough and Crow. Mr. Torrington's orchestra had a splendid rehearsal on Thursday night, and a fine concert may confidently be looked for on Thursday next. Mrs. Agnes Thomson will sing the celebrated Pre aux Cleves aria and the Ah! Non Giunge from Sonnambula, and Mr. Schuch will sing the Infelice from Ernani, and The Winds that Waft My Sighs, by Wallace, besides which there will be several effective instrumental solos.

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Mr. Reuben Fax writes me in indignant terms anent my criticism of his efforts at the C. O. F. concert the other night. I cheerfully withdraw the reference to vulgarity, which was used simply with reference to the good taste of his performance, and not reflecting on anything improper he sang or did. The Choral Society will give its second concert, probably, on the 22nd May, and it will take the form of a complimentary concert to Mr. Fisher. Mr. Torrington has been invited to conduct a chorus at this concert and has consented to do so, a graceful act of courtesy on both sides.

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More than once I have had occasion to refer to the bad taste of late arrivals at concerts, who troop in right in the middle of the opening number, disturbing the whole audience by the bustle consequent on getting nicely settled in their seats. I invite the attention of those who indulge in this bad habit to the following remarks which I find in a recent English paper: Twice last week did the Princess of Wales set an example which late comers at concerts will do well to follow. In the first case, at the Symphony Concert, on Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Henschel had begun the performance of Mendelssohn's overture, when Mr. Ambrose Austin was seen ushering Her Royal Highness through the little room by the side of the platform. Suddenly the Princess stopped, and intimated that she would not enter the hall till the overture was finished. Again, on Saturday, at the Popular Concert, precisely the same thing happened, Her Royal Highness patiently waiting for the conclusion of the first movement of Schubert's quintet in C major, Op. 163. It is to be hoped that hardened sinners will take the double lesson in good breeding offered by the Princess, and act as considerately as Her Royal Highness did.

METRONOME.

Easter Day.

The "Queen of Festivals," as Easter Day had been happily named, is to many the most joyous day of the year. While its great rival, Christmas, brings the joys of reunited families and friends, of gifts to the poor, and of a general feeling of "Good will towards men," Easter comes to us with a general resurrection of all animated nature. Grass sprouts, trees bud, and even man puts on new clothes. We seem to breathe a new air. What wonder, then, that man, in his gratitude to the Almighty should endeavor to make this new day, this glorious spring, an occasion of rejoicing? When man rejoices, he naturally sings, and the churches vie with each other in musical ceremonial. As Easter Day is the one day on which every man with religious feeling goes to church, I have prepared the following table of programmes, so that every one may suit himself as to the music he would like to hear:

Church of the Ascension.—Morning—Hymn 182, Christ the Lord; Christ our Passover, Russell; Psalms, Monk; Te Deum, Smart in F; Jubilate, Davies; anthem, Christ being Raised, Elvey; hymn 187, The Day of Resurrection; hymn 188, Hallelujah; Gloria Tibi, Tallis; offertory sentences, Rogers; hymn 391, Sweet Feast of Love Divine. Evening—Hymn 183, Jesus Christ is Risen To-day; Psalms, Davies; Cantate, Gilbert in A; anthem, Deus Misereatur, Gilbert in A; anthem, Glorious is Thy Name, Mozart; hymn 356, Sing We the Song; hymn 370, Hark the Sound. Mr. E. R. Doward, organist and choirmaster.

Sherbourne street Methodist church.—Anthem, He is Risen, Gadsby; solo, I Know that My Redeemer (Messiah), Handel; anthem, Unfold, Ye Portals (Redemption), Gounod; solo and chorus, Blessed is He that Cometh, Gounod; male quartette, O Saving Victim, Gounod. Mr. J. R. Blakeley, organist; Mr. F. Warrington, choirmaster.

Jarvis street Baptist church.—Anthem, Christ being Raised, Elvey; anthem, Break Forth into Joy, Barnby; anthem, Now is Christ Risen, Allan; solo, I Know that My Redeemer (Messiah), Handel. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, organist and choirmaster.

Church of the Holy Trinity.—Matins—Processional hymn 131, Christ the Lord; Easter anthem, chant; Te Deum, Arnold in C; Benedictus, chant; hymn 134, Jesus Christ is Risen; anthem, If we Believe that Jesus died, Bennett; Communion Service, Calkin in D; processional hymn 127, At the Lamb's High Feast. Evening—Processional hymn 125, Ye Choirs; Magnificat chant; Nunc Dimittis, Tozer in F; hymn 140, Jesus Lives; hymn 135, The Strife is O'er; offertory, Easter carols and anthem; recessional hymn 137, Alleluia, Alleluia; concluding voluntary, Hallelujah (Messiah), Handel. Mr. A. R. Blackburn, organist and choirmaster.

Church of the Redeemer.—Morning—Opening voluntary, Easter march, Merkel; hymn 182, Christ the Lord; Easter anthem, Humphrey; Gloria Patri, Turner; Te Deum, Hopkins in G; Jubilate, Schuch; Kyrie, Fairclough; Gloria Tibi, Short; hymn 180, The Strife is O'er; anthem, Christ is Risen, Thorne; closing voluntary, Finale Sixth Sonata, Mendelssohn. Evening—Opening voluntary, allegretto, Hymn of Praise Symphony, Mendelssohn; hymn 183, Jesus Christ is Risen To-day; Gloria Patri, Turner; Magnificat, Dykes in F; Nunc Dimittis, Dykes in F; hymn 180, The Strife is O'er; hymn 135, Jesus Lives; anthem, God Hath Appointed a Day; solo, I Know that My Redeemer Liveth (Messiah), Handel; closing voluntary, Hallelujah Chorus (Messiah), Handel. Mr. G. H. Fairclough, organist; Mr. E. W. Schuch, choirmaster.

St. Simon.—Morning—Processional hymn 134 A. and M.; Easter anthem, Psalms, Te Deum, Jubilate, Anglican chants; hymn 140 A. and M.; Nicene Creed, Stainer; Communion Service, Woodward in E flat. Evening—Processional hymn 131 A. and M.; Psalms, Magnificat, Nunc Dimittis, Anglican chants; anthem, The Lord is King, Pittman; hymn 125 A. and M.; recessional hymn 232 A. and M. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, choirmaster.

Queen street Methodist church.—Morning—Hymn 174, Christ the Lord is Risen To-day (tune, Easter); anthem, Alleluia, For Jesus Hath Risen, Dykes; hymn 171, Ye Humble Souls that Seek the Lord (tune, St. Peter's); carol, Easter Day Hath Dawned Again, C. A. Barry; hymn 180, When High the Heavenly Temple Stands (tune, Dresden). Evening—Hymn 179, Our Lord is Risen from the Dead (tune, Eventide); anthem (trio and chorus), Be Thou, O God, Exalted High, Mercadante; hymn 175, Come, Ye Saints, Look Here and Wonder (tune, Regent Square); anthem (solo and chorus), Lift Your Glad Voices, Holden; hymn 176, Christ the Lord is Risen Again (tune, Essex). Mr. James B. Baxter, musical conductor.

St. George's Church.—Morning—Processional hymn, Jesus Christ is Risen; Preces, Tallis; Easter anthem, grand chant; Psalms, chants; Te Deum, Gadsley; anthem, God Hath Appointed a Day, Tours; hymn, At the Lamb's High Feast, Syrin; Gloria Tibi, Phillips; offertory sentences, Gloria in Excelsis; Recessional, Nunc Dimittis, Farrant. Evening—Processional hymn 135, Preces, Tallis; Psalms, chants; Magnificat, Nunc Dimittis, Tours in F; Christ Being Raised, Webbe; Recessional, choral march, Goss,—Custard. Mr. E. W. Phillips, organist and choirmaster.

St. John's church.—Morning—Hymn, Christ the Lord is Risen; Easter anthem, Humphrey; Te Deum, Stephens in C; Benedictus, Turle; anthem, If we Believe, Bunnett; Kyrie, Potter; Gloria Tibi, Tallis; Psalter, Spohr; hymn; Jesus Lives; Gloria in Excelsis. W. M. Adamson, choirmaster.

St. Peter's church.—Morning—Opening voluntary, Miriam's Song; hymn, Jesus Christ is Risen, Easter anthem, chant, Gloria Patri, Chartres; Te Deum, Woodward; Jubilate, Monk; hymn, The Happy Morn; Kyrie, Reinecke; Gloria Tibi, Bellini; hymn, The Strife is O'er; offertory, Christ our Passover, Millard. Evening—Hymn, Christ the Lord; Gloria Patri, Elvey; Cantate, Mornington; Nunc Dimittis, Havergal; Hymn, The Day of Resurrection; offertory, Christ our Passover, Millard; hymn, The Strife is O'er; hymn, Jesus Lives. W. P. Atkinson, organist.

Northern Congregational Church.—Morning—I Know that my Redeemer (Messiah) Handel; For Since by Man, By Man Came Also, For as in Adam all Die, Even so in Christ, (Messiah) Handel; anthem, Upon the First Day, Monk. Evening—Jesus Christ is Risen, Farmer; anthem, I Know that my Redeemer, Pattison. Mr. H. Guest Collins, organist and choirmaster.

St. Basil's Church.—Morning—Messe Solennelle, Gounod, choir and orchestra; solos, Miss Bolster, Mr. J. F. Kirk, Mr. H. T. Kelly. Evening—Vespers, Giorza, with solos; Regina Cœli, Lambillotti; O Salutaris; Tantum Ergo, Millard, with solo. Rev. P. Chalandard, director.

Central Methodist church.—Morning—Now on the First Day, Lahee; Hosanna, Stainer; O Holy Redeemer, (female voices), Marchetti. Evening—Gloria, (Imperial Mass), Hayden; Hallelujah! Christ is Risen, Thorne. Mr. T. C. Jeffers, organist.

Elm street Methodist church.—Morning—Te Deum, Stainer; anthem, Christ is Risen, Elvey; Hallelujah, (Messiah), Handel. Evening—Anthem, Break forth into Joy, Barnby; Hosanna, Faure. Mrs. H. M. Blight, organist; Mr. H. M. Blight, choirmaster.

Fergus.

Dr. Geo. T. Orton, ex-M. P. for Centre Wellington, now residing and practising at Winnipeg, is on a visit to friends here. Life in the prairie province seems to agree well with the Doctor as he looks as youthful and buoyant as he did ten years ago.

Miss Mabel Black has returned from Brantford college to spend Easter vacation at home.

Mr. James McWatt, the popular young goal-keeper of the Thistle L. C., has returned from Montreal.

Dr. Tovell, who took charge of Dr. Johnston's practice while the latter was in New York, has left town. The many friends he made while here regret his departure.

Mrs. E. Elliott of Buffalo, is visiting her father, Mr. George D. Ferguson. CAMEO.

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Beg respectfully to announce that, having purchased at a very large reduction from original cost, the stock and business of the late firm of

J. Pittman & Co.

they will open at the Old Stand, 218 Yonge Street, corner of Albert Street, on

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Extensive alterations and improvements have been made in the premises for the comfort and convenience of customers

In addition to the business formerly carried on in Mantles and Mourning Goods, we have put in a large and choice assortment of

Colored Dress Goods and Trimmings

Ladies' Gloves, Hosiery and Underwear

bought for cash in the best markets, which will be sold at about regular wholesale prices

As our aim will be at all times to keep only the newest and choicest goods, all the original stock has been marked down to clearing prices

MANTLES

The reputation of the house in this line will be fully maintained. A large importation of the Newest Spring Styles in JACKETS, WRAPS and CLOAKS, direct from the manufacturers in Germany, just to hand, will be shown on our opening day. Don't fail to see our new, handsome and elegantly appointed Mantle Showrooms

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With a large selection of Cloths and Trimmings, and Miss Duffy continuing in charge, we can safely promise entire satisfaction in this Department

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This Department, being under the personal supervision of our Mr. H. S. Morrison, known for the past eighteen years in this connection with W. A. Murray & Co., warrants us in expecting the confidence and patronage of the ladies of Toronto

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With a large stock of Choice Goods, in the Newest Materials and Shades, with Trimmings to match, we hope to largely increase the business in this Branch

Miss Fleming, whose ability as a fitter and taste in draping are unexcelled in the city, will continue in charge of this Department

The entire staff of the late firm and a number of additional assistants having been engaged, customers may rely upon prompt and courteous attention

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Births.

TORONTO.

Hogg, Mrs. W., on 22nd inst.—a son
Kirk, Mrs. J. D., on 18th inst.—a daughter
McIntyre, Mrs. L. J., on 27th inst.—a son
Urquhart, Mrs. D., on 19th inst.—a son

Brunker, Mrs. R., at Chatham, on 21st inst.—a daughter
Charles, Mrs. J., at Belmont, on 26th inst.—a daughter
Corsan, Mrs. Thomas, at Hamilton, on 24th inst.—a daughter
Cox, Mrs. Geo. B., at Goderich, on 27th inst.—a daughter
Danks, Mrs. G. W., at Petrolea, on 20th inst—a son
Drinkwater, Mrs. J., at Smith's Falls, on 18th inst—a son
Galt, Mrs. G. F., at Winnipeg, on 24th inst.—a daughter
Granger, Mrs. Geo., at London, on 26th inst.—twin sons
MacIntosh, Mrs. J. R., at Guelph, on 18th inst.—a son
Michie, Mrs. J. H., at Guelph, on 18th inst.—a son
Murdock, Mrs. C. A., at Napanee, on 17th inst.—a son
McEnroe, Mrs. J. C., at Montreal, on 21st inst.—a daughter
Rudd, Mrs. W. H., at London South, on 25th inst.—a son
Stephens, Mrs. James, at Smith's Falls, on 18th inst.—a son
Wall, Mrs. C. J., at London, on 22nd inst.—a son

Marriages.

Crow, James, to Agnes Alexander, at Toronto, on 28th inst., by Rev. G. E. Freeman, B.A.
Drummond, James M., of Toronto, to Ida Emma Towle, at Longley, B.C., on 14th inst., by Rev. Alex. Tait
Few, Alfred B., of Macleod, N.W.T., to Alice Marguerite Geoghegan, at Strathroy, on 23rd inst., by Rev. L. des Brisay
Forbes, J. C., of Toronto, to Laura Holbrook, at Ottawa, on 15th inst
Hancock, William, to Myrtle Taylor, at St. Catharines, on 26th inst., by Rev. R. Ratcliffe
Morehead, George, to Kate Irene McClary, at London, on 24th inst., by Rev. J. A. Murray
Matheson, Geo. K., of Mitchell, to Nina Mackintosh, at Jersey City, on 9th inst., by Rev. David Mitchell
Rivers, Richard, to Emma Russell, at Walkerton, on 22nd inst., by Rev. Wm. Shorts, D.D.

Deaths.

TORONTO.

Bendelari, Enrico, on 26th inst., aged 49
Benyon, A. I., on 25th inst., aged 56
Myddleton, Richard, on 26th inst., aged 25
Watson, Mrs. Thomas, on 28th inst., aged 74

Chappell, Sarah, at Barton, on 28th inst., aged 66
Dunlop, Sarah, at Lindsay, on 26th inst., aged 82
Erly, Matilda Dunn, at Hamilton, on 24th inst., aged 24
Flanagan, Thos. H., at Streetsville, on 24th inst., aged 39
Fleming, Anne J., wife of Sanford, at Ottawa, on 26th inst., aged 57
Gairdner, Dr. R. H., at Bayfield, on 22d inst.
Haliwell, John F., son of John, at Bracebridge, on 23rd inst.
Greenhill, Isabella S., at Hamilton, on 27th inst., aged 75
Kingsford, George M., at Victoria, B.C., on 6th inst., aged 28
Newlands, Jessie S., at Kingston, on 22nd inst, aged 23
Lester, Thomas, at Hamilton, on 22nd inst., aged 75
Mountjoy, Ida, at London, on 26th inst., aged 14
Rolland, Hon. J. R., at Montreal, on 26th inst., aged 72
Shaw, Joseph R., at Ottawa, on 24th inst, aged 36
Smithett, Rev. W. T., at Omemee, on 24th inst
Woodhouse, Edwin, at Dundas, on 24th inst., aged 70

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Turkish teas are the rage in Ottawa just now. I need not tell your readers what a Turkish tea is, because it is so well known how a "tea" that has the name of some portion of the habitable globe affixed to it as an appellative, is conducted, that it would be a waste of space to go into a description. The idea had its root in the Japanese and Chinese "tea," and has since ranged westward with surprising speed. It has now got to Turkey, with its sherbets, coffees and divans. Coffee at a "tea" sounds like a contradiction, but some of the givers of Turkish teas have introduced that popular tipple of the unspeakable Moslem. I overheard some rather amusing remarks passing between a lady and gentleman the other day, the latter of whom was totally ignorant of the manners and customs appertaining to a Turkish tea. After the lady had wound up with an elaborate description of the fidelity with which the Turkish eating customs had been followed at a certain party, Mr. Man asked, "Well, do they wind up with a Turkish bath?" Slow curtain. The lady herself said during the course of her remarks, "I don't know where this craze is going to stop. Presently they will be holding Fiji teas, at which roast missionary and warm blood, served in skulls, will be the leading viands."

Mr. Perley, the member for Ottawa, is a liberal entertainer and generous host. He gave a dinner party on Friday last.

Miss Caron, daughter of Sir Adolphe Caron, will "come out" at a ball to be given by her mother, Lady Caron, after Easter.

Mrs. Schultz gave a musical party on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Schultz, who is a clever and energetic lady, always takes care that only the best of music is heard at her reunions. Such was the case on Wednesday afternoon, and everybody went away charmed. Mrs. Godwin, better known in this part of the world as Miss McGrath of Aylmer, sang in a way that fairly took the company by storm. Miss Church was equally well received, and altogether the affair was one of the most pleasant of the season.

WATCHMAN.

WHITBY.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson of Cheboygan, Mich., are visiting in town this week.

Mrs. S. H. Cochrane and daughter, Miss Clara Cochrane, left Monday evening for a trip to Chicago.

The elocution recital of the Ontario Ladies' College in the town hall, Tuesday evening, was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The programme included, besides elocutionary numbers, the beautiful gymnastic exercise with dumbells, rings, etc., of the elocution class of young ladies in costume, and the performance of a parlor play, My Sister's Husband, as well as a musical allegory, The Tournament of Lilycourt. Of those who took part in this pleasant entertainment were the Misses Flo. Washington, Belle Kelso, Louie Janes, F. and M. Benson of Toronto. Miss Graham, who has charge of this department at the college, gave a charming recitation during an intermission in the programme.

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